

DIFFICULT TIMES IN THE 90'S

In the fall of 1890 Gardner returned to Salt Lake City and Jordan. President Woodruff counseled him to move Mary and her family to Star Valley. He laid the matter before her, and she finally consented to give up her good new home and comfortable surroundings and go with him. Leaving Jordan by team, the latter part of September of that year, they arrived at Afton, October 1, 1890.

Once during this winter his life was endangered. He and his son Adelbert had been to an adjoining town to purchase a beef. While crossing the Salt River on their return they missed the ford, getting too far down stream. Together, with the horse and buggy, they plunged into a deep hole with a precipitous bank on the opposite side. For some time it looked as if they would all be drowned, but finally the horse caught his front feet on a piece of the bank. Father Gardner managed to keep the buggy right-side-up while Del crept up over the horse's head and dropped off onto the bank. By careful management they crawled out. It was bitter cold, and the distance home about four or five miles. They nearly froze before they got there, but after "thawing out" they were none the worse for the experience.

President Woodruff issued the Manifesto in 1891, and from then on polygamists could come and go without fear of arrest.

In the spring of this year Archibald purchased an additional mill site, a shingle mill and water right. He sold the shingle mill to his son-in-law, William A. Turner, but kept the site. The same season he purchased a planer. This deal cost between five and six hundred dollars. During the following years he purchased two city blocks, consisting of eight lots of two and a-half acres each. These join the old home and mill site and cost several hundred dollars.

During the summer of 1902 teams were sent to Woodruff for the steam saw mill which he set up at Grover, Wyoming, just

four miles north of Afton. His son Robert who had shortly before moved to the valley took over the management of it. After sawing a large amount of lumber at this place, the mill was moved to Auburn, then to Cottonwood, thence to Grover, to Thayne, back to Grover, again to Cottonwood, then sold to Brigham and Osro. At each of these moves, from one to three hundred thousand feet were sawed. The people hauled logs, and when the contracted amount was in the yard, the mill was moved there.

The period since his arrival witnessed an influx of population. The grist mill installed in '89 was not large enough to take care of the wheat raised in the valley. It was small and badly worn, being one of the first used in the country around Bear Lake. During 1902 a new frame building for a grist mill was built, with flumes, penstock, races, and tail races, and Gardner made another trip to Salt Lake Valley. The burr mill that he had built and sold to the Bennions in 1885 at Taylorsville had been replaced by a roller mill. He was able to purchase what he needed—two sets of burrs, complete, and ready to install, some cleaning machinery, smutters, etc. This was shipped by rail to Montpelier in a car he chartered for the purpose. He used the old bolting machinery, elevators, etc., from the mill he was replacing. When he showed his sons the notes he had signed, three hundred dollars to be paid in "gold coin," they stood aghast. To those Gardner boys it looked like a fortune. At that time all circulating medium was store orders. These were handed out in place of cash in all deals. Days, weeks, and months sometimes passed without their seeing coin of any kind, and for their father to promise to pay three hundred dollars in gold! It was unbelievable.

On one occasion a dance was being held in a small workshop. The boys were anxious to go but looked forward with misgivings, as the musicians would not play without cash. Their father made a trip into town and was finally able to get fifty cents, and the boys were happy. Incomes were very meagre. Farmers had few cows, and butter sold for ten cents a pound, store pay. How could three hundred dollars be raised? Unitedly they all worked, early and late, at all kinds of jobs. The Lord blessed their efforts. They paid off this bill and many others. The new building was constructed at a considerable cost, but they were able to turn out lumber, flour, etc., for labor and material. Mary contributed much of the sale price of her place on Jordan to help father with his plans.

It was in August, 1891, that Bishop Cazier chose Gardner for his first counselor. He shrank from accepting the position and made his feelings known but was overruled by the stake officers (Bear Lake Stake then). The bishop stated that although Brother Gardner was getting along in years, (he was seventy-seven) he needed his valuable counsel, and if he would act, the bishop and his second counselor, T. F. Burton, a young man, would do the work. This position he filled faithfully until May, 1894, when the old bishopric was released, and three younger men called to take their places. His son Clarence, eighteen years old, was chosen second counselor in the new bishopric.

Archibald Gardner was released as bishop of the West Jordan Ward, May 31, 1891, having held that position for thirty-two years. That summer he sold the old home by the mill to Charles D. Hawn who afterwards disposed of it to K. Nordberg.

Star Valley now beckoned others of the Gardner family. William and Lizzie Turner went up to see the country with the view of settling. They were gone a few weeks. Upon returning they found their youngest child, Lily Delila, eight years old, very sick with diphtheria. She died soon after their arrival. They sold their farm to George Q. Cannon, and, with all their family, moved to Wyoming that fall. They settled in a little valley (Turnerville, named in their honor) a few miles north of Afton. William bought the shingle mill from his father-in-law and built a saw mill. The family carried on business among themselves. There were few other settlers near.

A great sorrow came to the family in '92. Abby Gardner Gauchet died at Annabel, leaving a loving husband, Philip, and nine children, one a babe sixteen days old. She had taken cold shortly after the birth of the infant and in spite of all care, passed away February 26. She was a kind, loving wife and mother, devoted to her religion and friends. Many mourned her passing. Her daughter, May Hawn Nebeker, had a babe of her own a week old. She took little Archie and cared for him. Philip Gauchet joined the Church after Abigail's death and had the Temple work done.

Times were still difficult as the following letter discloses:

"Afton, Sept. 24, 1893.

"Reuben, my Son,

"I received your welcome letter and was sorry to hear Aunt

Margaret was so afflicted and me so far from her. If she should leave us I do not see how I could get there in time for her funeral.

"It would be almost impossible for me to leave the valley without taking a team as there is no money in this place. I borrowed ten dollars, to get irons from the blacksmith, and five to get screws and nails, and now they are hard up for the cash and I cannot raise it. The stores cannot collect any debts and they have shut down on everybody. There are eleven windows in our new mill. I tried every way to get glass for two of them, one in each story, and cannot. So I concluded to put in factory and it took two dollars and ten cents to fill the bill. I got it from Burton as a great favor, payable in thirty days. We are nearly all barefooted and we cannot see how we will meet winter. I have the Sunday suit I got from 'Sy' of Spanish Fork, but my overalls and those of the boys are pretty nearly gone up. We cannot sell anything to bring in money and the stores will take nothing else.

"But we live in hopes the way will open. I have good health and so have all the rest. But I must work harder than I ever did according to my strength and age. We cannot hire except they take lumber or planing. We have no flour to sell until we thresh our wheat. We had some work done on the mill for debts owed us, in place of cash. So the boys and I have to do the best we can. We started the mill yesterday with one run of burrs. It seems to go off well.

"We expect to finish stacking our little field of grain tomorrow and thresh this week. Our wheat is good but Brig's is not cut yet and I fear it is badly frozen. We have had, during the last three nights, the hardest frost the oldest settlers here have ever seen in September. The weather is beautiful in the day time. The better flour is only two dollars and twenty-five cents for one hundred pounds but there is no money to buy it. W. Turner went to Montpelier to purchase his winter flour. He expected to get it for one dollar and fifty cents per hundred pounds.

"I would have been glad to have seen my nephew William from Canada. The last time I saw him was when his father and mother started on foot to Dalhousie where his grandfather lived, five hundred miles away. He was then just a babe in his father's arms.

"After we get the grain secured we are going to struggle to set up the other run of stones to chop with. A great deal of the grain is poor and not fit for flour but can be used if chopped, for pig feed. We will have to go without potatoes this year as ours were all killed by the early frost. We have our hay for winter, plenty of bread stuff but for clothing and shoes, I don't see yet where they are coming from. There is one thing certain, the majority of the people will be worse off than we are. I feel thankful that my health is so good.

"We are nearer civilization than when we entered Salt Lake valley in '47. We have more food stuff than in '48 when the Lord sent the gulls to kill the crickets, and we are not yet so ragged as we were before '49 when the gold diggers came through and helped us out. Our Father will not forget us now.

"Don't blame Ozro if you should hear he has acted mean in falling in love with a girl here. If he was not fully satisfied with the one in Salt Lake City he better back out rather than after he is married. By all accounts the girl out here is a worthy young woman and good looking enough to eat.

"As far as we know W. Turner's folks and Brig's folks are well.

"I had a notice my taxes are thirty nine dollars and ninety nine cents. I don't see how we will raise the money but 'where there is a will there will be a way.'

"When I received your last letter I felt anxious to start for Jordan. But Brig is not at home and the boys could hardly start grinding for want of experience. No man around here knows anything about a mill. And most of the people are out of flour for want of money to buy from the stores. A good deal of wheat is in the mill. There are still a few spouts to alter and some changes to make with some of the pulleys but we expect to be ready to start grinding by noon to-morrow. We are hoping everything will start off all right but you know at the outset there are always some changes to be made. I will try and come in as soon as possible. So no more at present.

From your father,

A. Gardner"

Aunt Margaret was now nearly seventy-five years old. She had been an invalid, paralyzed for ten years. Her condition had come on gradually. The past six years she had to be cared for like a little babe, lifted about, and fed with a spoon. Delila shouldered the main responsibility. It was a happy release when Margaret passed away, September 21, 1893. She was deeply mourned, but the family did not wish her back to her life of suffering. There have been few better women in this world than Aunt Margaret. Gentle and kind to everyone, unmindful of herself, but always thinking and doing for others, she was loved and respected by all of the other wives, her children, and hosts of relatives and friends. She was in very deed a peace maker. Blessed be her memory.

Archibald could not get in to the funeral. It was held in the West Jordan Ward House.

A short letter explains his position.

"Afton, Sept. 25th, '93

"Reuben, Dear Son,

"I received your telegram late yesterday afternoon telling us that Aunt Margaret was dead. It seems she passed away on Thursday the 21st, four days ago. I could not possibly reach there before Tuesday night. The telegram did not say when the funeral would take place but I have no hopes I could be there in time for it and so concluded not to come. But I would come at all hazards if I knew you were putting it off until I arrived. That I suppose would not be practical or wise.

"She did not seem to recognize me when last we parted but I expect to meet her soon and I am sure she will know me then. We feel thankful she is past all suffering and is now at rest.

Your father,

A. Gardner."

She was buried in the family plot in the Salt Lake City cemetery.

Uncle Willie's son William, from Sarnia, Canada, visited the folks at West Jordan. He was a very fine man and enjoyed

Sincerely,

Barbara Ryan
Barbara Ryan

Barbara Ryan

ones keep
ce and return it with your p.
velope.
nk you. And it's a pleasure to have you with us.

being with his relatives. He was present at Aunt Margaret's funeral.

On November 8 of that year Ozro married the young lady, Emma Michalson, of Thayne, Wyoming, in the Salt Lake Temple. That winter they lived with Aunt Althea at Jordan but in June went back to Star Valley, built a house on his farm, and settled there permanently. May 23, 1894, A. Bruce, Mary's son, married Elizabeth Baxter of Afton. President George Osmond performed the ceremony as they could not go to the Temple, owing to high water in the mountain streams. They went to live at the Steam Saw Mill, Bruce running it and Elizabeth cooking for the mill hands. In September of that year their marriage was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple.

Ann and her husband, Samuel W. Egbert, had moved to Gentile Valley, Idaho, (now Grace) in 1890. They pioneered that country. In July of '95 a group of relatives—Ann's mother, Aunt Jane, Reuben, Delila, Rachael, and Melissa Borlaise took a trip in a white-top to Star Valley. They went by way of Grace and persuaded Sam, Ann, and baby Melvin to accompany them. They found their father well and delighted to see them. He was busy with his mills as usual and was feeding a large herd of hogs. They visited the folks at Afton, then went to the lower valley and visited the Turner's. The Gardner boys all had much land, plenty to eat and wear, and seemed to be prospering. However, they had gone through many hardships.

"Afton, Aug. 31, 1895

"My Dear Daughter Delila,

"I did not answer your welcome letter until to-day as I wanted to write on my eighty-first birthday. This will show that I am still alive. It is a beautiful day. I am well. My hearing is good, my sight is good, my appetite is good, and I feel good in spirit. I am thankful to my heavenly Father for his great blessings to me in my old age both temporally and spiritually.

"Your letter was written three days before it left the post office at Jordan so I only received it three days ago. We are glad you arrived home in safety and that Aunt Jane was able to go to the Salt Lake excursion. We were happy that you enjoyed your visit to Star Valley.

"The frost did more damage to potatoes and wheat than we knew when you were here. The total from those crops will be small but so is life in this probation.

"I intended to try and put in the other run of millstones that I bought of Bennion and perhaps a small run to grind the shorts. But I will have to use the greatest economy and go carefully for at least another year. But we are not discouraged. This climate is not suitable for the raising of grain. We cannot expect to ship out the flour made of the wheat we have on hand as Roller Mill flour is selling at Montpelier for one dollar thirty cents per hundred, two dollars per hundred here at Afton. We stand no show there.

"But we are not here merely for this world and its riches. We are here to do our part in building up our Father's kingdom and to merit a share of His great blessings. I never have felt more resigned to the will of my Father in Heaven than I do today. My heart is full of gratitude for the blessings I enjoy personally; and for the family that I stand as a patriarch over, I feel doubly blest. So far, they all have a standing in the church and kingdom of God and each one honors his father and mother.

"I do not know when I will come to Jordan. I am needed here and can do little there.

"We thought it best to send Edwin, my son, in with Ozro in case the trouble with his nose might get worse. He is a good hearted boy but has one great fault. He is easily influenced by the company he is in. His mother wished me to say that she would be glad if you would look after him and do all you can to keep him from going with boys that steal fruit or get into other mischief.

"Since he left I have had my hands full as he helped me a great deal. The older boys have so much to do. I would be glad to see him back with Ozro if it could be arranged. Perhaps the doctor could let him have medicine for his trouble, to take here. We will have to do the best we can. I had no money to send with him so I wish you would write me as soon as you can and let me know what the doctor says about his condition and what the charge will be. I will do my best to meet it. Some of you will have to go with him to the doctor at least the first time. We notified George that Edwin was taken suddenly ill and that

we were sending him in but were not prepared at present to meet the bill.

"Dellie has heard nothing from Brig except what you said in your letter. His wheat is poor and there is little of it fit for bread. We are looking for him every day now. Much of the wheat is cut or ready for cutting, a good deal can only be used for hay. Most of the oats is good. Some of it was frozen also. The second crop of lucern is thriving. The potato plants are growing huskily but we cannot say whether there will be potatoes. That will depend on how long the frost keeps off.

"I have better health now than I have had for over a year. I may live for another one yet. So good bye for this time. Hoping Aunt Jane's health will improve and that the rest of you will be blessed with all that will be for your good. Please tell Melissie that I wrote this letter with the specks she bought me so she has my thanks and my blessings.

From your loving father

A. Gardner.

"P. S. Sept. 1. Brig got home yesterday afternoon."

Although advanced in years, his mind was actively searching for best ways of improving conditions in his community. In their difficult struggle for the necessities of life the people of Afton needed the refining graces of social contacts. They lacked a suitable building where social functions could be properly conducted, so Gardner advocated the construction of a dance hall and opera house. In 1893 the project was begun. People of the locality were solicited. Necessary finances were difficult to obtain so he had to provide them. Finally he and three or four others completed the building.

With sheep on the hills, and a dearth of clothing, he sensed the desirability of using the supply of the one to furnish the need of the other. He solicited financial help to establish a woolen factory. Edmund Buckley of Franklin, Idaho, was induced to furnish the machinery, and in 1896 Gardner personally directed the erection of the flumes, races, penstock, and building. He never rested until the machinery was installed, in operation, and the business firmly "on its feet." The building, races, etc., were owned by the people and the machinery by Mr. Buckley who had

an option on the former. Gardner bore a considerable portion of the expense. It proved a profitable undertaking so long as he managed it, but when it became necessary to transfer that responsibility, through carelessness and inefficiency of the operators, the business went to pieces.

The Semi-Centennial Celebration, marking the entrance of the Pioneers into Utah, was held July 24, 1897. A number of the Gardner clan were honored guests—Archibald, his son Neil of Spanish Fork; his step-sons Rawsel Bradford of Cottonwood, Pleasant, and Sylvester Bradford of Spanish Fork; Aunt Janet (Uncle Willie's widow) and two daughters, Jane Bradford, and Margaret Hill; and William's son, Neil L. Gardner of West Jordan; Robert and wife Jane and daughters Mary and Margaret Millen; and son William of St. George, and Robert Sweeten. The '47 Pioneers were each presented with a beautiful gold badge or pin, made from a twenty-dollar gold piece suitably engraved.

His sturdy constitution had withstood all kinds of hard work and exposure. Rugged and healthy, he had never needed the services of a physician. But late in September of '97 he was taken seriously ill with erysipelas. A doctor was called in, and he was given his first dose of medicine.

His mind was worried. President Woodruff had said, "Don't pass away and leave your bones in Star Valley." All his life he had been obedient to the counsel of those in authority over him. He did not wish to seem heedless of it now. His temperature arose, and his condition became serious. A telegram was sent to Reuben, saying that if he wished to see his father alive he must come at once. Reuben hastened to his bedside. By the time he arrived his father was greatly improved. During the time his body was prostrate, his mind was extremely alert. The many events of his long and colorful life were recalled in detail. His sense of humor was keen. Each visit the doctor made was enlivened with jokes, many of them at the latter's expense.

Recovery was rapid, and in October he was made as comfortable as possible on a stretcher, and in a spring wagon, Reuben conveyed him to his home in West Jordan.

During the summer of 1898, Archibald returned to Afton and assisted in moving the saw mill from there to Dry Creek Canyon and resetting it.

Sincerely,
Barbara Ryan

Mary's son Clarence and Alice Ann Burton of Afton were married in the Salt Lake Temple on October 8, 1897. Both were very energetic Church workers, assisting in various auxiliary organizations.

In the autumn Archie went to Spanish Fork for a visit.

"You need another mill here," he said to his son Neil. "Father, we are being well supplied by the mill across the way. At your age (he was in his eighty-fifth year) you shouldn't be thinking of building another mill."

"Neil, I would like you to drive me over to Leland so that I can look that location over."

He was taken to Leland. Syrenus, and Pleasant Bradford accompanied him. He selected the mill site and a location for a mill race. Then he proceeded to interest a number of men in order to secure the necessary capital. He furnished some of the funds, but most of it was contributed by the following men: his son Syrenus, his sons-in-law Alma Andrus, and Joseph Francis, his step-son, Pleasant Bradford, Pleasant Bradford, Jr., Charles Bradford, Joseph Finch, Thomas Wimmer, and William Miles.

Construction of the race and building began in November, 1898. Its completion was celebrated by a dance in the mill during the following February.

When he was at the helm, a venture was pushed to completion with no loss of time.

THE INCIDENT CONNECTED WITH THE BUILDING OF THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE

As before mentioned, during his illness he delighted in recalling past happenings. We will relate a few here. An incident connected with the erection of the Salt Lake Temple is of interest.

The building of that great structure began in 1853, only six years after the Pioneers entered the valley. It was a titanic undertaking for a destitute people whose struggle for food and shelter was of necessity a paramount issue. To excavate for this building, 186½ feet long by 118½ feet wide, with a foundation eight feet deep, took two years.

"June 16, 1855, the work of laying the foundation was commenced at the southeast corner stone and it was completed July 23, 1855. Some years later it was discovered that the foundation was not solid enough for the immense building to be reared thereon, and the whole was taken out and reconstructed." From Pamphlets in Church Historian's office.

It was when the defects of the foundation were noted that the following occurred. Clarence Gardner of Star Valley relates it.

"I have always said that revelations often come through natural sources. This premise is borne out on this occasion. I have heard father relate this story several times to his family in Star Valley. As I understand it the foundation formed the walls of the basement.

"Work had proceeded on this substructure until it had reached a height of about two feet above the surface of the ground. Then cracks in it were discovered and other defects noted. After serious consideration by President Young and his advisors, it was decided that the foundation would not sustain the tremendous weight to be placed upon it. What should be

sincerely,
 Archibald Gardner
 Bishop

done? Could the defects be rectified? President Young dismissed the workmen, and sitting down on the foundation said, 'Here I shall remain until the Lord reveals to me what I should do next.'

"He had not been there long when father came into view. President Young motioned him to come to him. 'Bishop, sit down,' he said and he then told him of his perplexing problem.

"Together they went carefully over the matter in hand. They examined the foundation, the materials, the manner in which it had been put together. Then President Young said, 'Bishop, can you tell me what to do?'

"'Yes, President Young, the trouble has arisen through the use of too much mortar. The resultant settling has caused the walls to crack. It will be necessary for you to tear out the entire foundation and start over again. This time instead of using mortar, have each and all of the stones in the entire building cut to exact measurement and place stone upon stone with precise fittings. This will prevent cracking, settling or spreading in any way.' President Young brought his hand down on father's shoulder and said, 'Brother Gardner, you are right. That is my revelation.'

"He had the workmen return. The entire foundation was torn out and rebuilt according to father's instructions. The walls were built in like manner. Very little if any mortar was used unless it was for pointing. Why did this revelation come through father? Because he had spent his life working out problems along practical lines. His past experiences made him equal to the occasion."

IN THE FIELD OF ATHLETICS

The Gardner brothers excelled in feats of strength and skill. William was far famed as a wrestler and "scraper" in Canada and after he came West. He vanquished friends and foes. Even when advanced in years and in failing health he could not resist a challenge.

A certain neighbor was warned to keep his cattle out of William's field. They had broken in and damaged his crops repeatedly. One day William told him in no uncertain terms not to let it happen again.

The man, incensed at the calling down, said: "If you weren't so far along in years you would eat those words."

"Is that so?" retorted William. "Don't let that hinder you," and he pulled off his coat. The man made a quick exit.

Archibald loved contests of brawn and brain. He was five feet ten inches tall, broad of shoulder, and in his prime weighed two hundred twenty pounds. Though large of stature he was very agile and like Longfellow's village blacksmith "the muscles of his brawny arms were strong as iron bands."

From early days in Canada he excelled in the use of the ax. A Canadian neighbor, John Hamilton, one day was proudly proclaiming his dexterity with the implement.

"I can out chop you with one hand" said Archie. "Ha! Ha!" said Hamilton. "let's see you do it."

They selected trees of the same size and kind and went to work. Hamilton grasped his ax in both hands and smote with might and main. Archie took his in one hand and with expert and telling blows brought his tree down first. John Hamilton is responsible for this story.

Stick-pulling was another of Archie's specialties. The contestants sat on the floor facing each other. With the soles of his feet braced against those of his antagonist each took hold of a common rod or stick and endeavored to pull the other up.

Sincerely,

Barbara Ryan
Barbara Ryan

Many a woman's broom stick suffered fatality in those days.

Once when his son Rawsel was about twenty-five years of age, he challenged his father to a pulling match. Rawsel was a large muscular fellow of great strength. But in this contest he was powerless. Pulling with all his might he could not budge his father. Invariably Rawsel arose.

During his life in Canada, high-kicking was a favorite pastime. This feat was accomplished by standing on one foot, kicking with the other and lighting on the foot with which he kicked. He could reach a mark six and a-half feet high.

Another interesting stunt in which he out did all competitors, was executed thus: the contestant sat on the floor, clasped his hands around both legs, and, without touching his feet to the floor, bounced to a goal. He and his nephew Heber contested for honors in this race at Polly's wedding. He was sixty-four year's old at the time but he far outdid Heber.

At Rawsel's wedding (he was sixty-six then) he grasped a stout stick, a hand at each end, and jumped over it and back again.

He held the record in Canada for long-distance foot-racing. In Chapter IV is the account of his ten-mile race with a doctor riding in a horse-drawn cutter.

While they still lived at Mill Creek another long-remembered race took place. He operated mills in Mill Creek Canyon until 1875, but it was before 1863 that the following incident took place, the year of Neil's marriage.

The men employed at the mills in the canyon returned home Saturday nights to remain over Sunday. One week end there was no way of getting home, ten miles away, except on foot. Archie, his son Neil, and Sylvester Bradford started to walk. Neil told his father he could beat him home. They started to run. After maintaining the pace for a mile Bradford dropped out. The other two ran side by side until within sight of Mill Creek. Then father said to son: "Hurry up, Neil, if you are going home with me. I am tired of poking along." He speeded up and soon left the son in the rear. Neil felt his endurance had been put to a severe test that day and was happy he had been able to maintain an equal speed for so much of the way with his famous father.

HIS LIFE'S SUMMARY

One day in January, 1899, he sat thinking of his past achievements. He summarized his life work as follows:

"I was in partnership with my brother in some of our first mills but only at the beginning. During the years of 1848, '49, and '50 my family and I built in Mill Creek and ran for many years:

"Three saw mills, 2 shingle mills, 1 grist mill (the second in Utah, 1849,) 1 saw mill on Jordan by digging the first canal on the Jordan River, 1850; 1 flour mill at West Jordan, 1853; 1 flour mill at Big Cottonwood at the time of Johnston's Army and the 'move', 1857; 1 flour mill, 1 shingle mill and 1 saw mill at Spanish Fork, '58 and '59; 1 flour mill on Big Cottonwood at Bishop Miller's, 1866; 1 flour mill at Pleasant Grove, 1868;

"I spent a good deal in a woolen mill at West Jordan that burned down, 1875.

"In Little Cottonwood Canyon I built: 2 steam saw mills, 1857; 1 water saw mill, 1876; 1 shingle mill, 1876.

"I tore down the old flour mill at West Jordan and built: 1 large flour mill, 1877; 1 small flour mill at Camp Floyd, 1878; 1 water saw mill in American Fork Canyon, 1882.

"But the Edmunds-Tucker law was passed; I was a polygamist and I did not wish to go to prison so I went to Mexico and stayed a few months. My business was all going to wreck so I started to Wyoming where the people and the officials treated me first rate.

"There I built: 1 water power saw mill, 1 flour mill, 1 planing mill, 1 portable steam saw mill, and last, 1 saw mill (water power), five in all in Star Valley. I also assisted with 1 small woolen factory.

"But my main work was building irrigating canals. I have been in the territorial legislature two terms. (1878 and 1880). I was appointed bishop over West Jordan Ward which position I held for thirty-two years.

"I am now back on West Jordan and as my first wife is dead I am living with my children. I have assisted in building: 1 roller mill, South Jordan, 1896.

"We have now nearly ready to start: 1 roller mill at Leland, Utah Co., 1899."

He overlooked: 1 saw mill at Peoa, 1871; 1 grist mill built in 1880.

In early days in Utah he operated at Mill Creek: 1 carding machine in connection with his grist mill, 1851; 1 carding machine at Jordan Mills, 1859.

He continues:

"I have had forty eight children born to me—twenty-seven sons and twenty-one daughters, but have buried nineteen. I have now living seventeen sons and twelve daughters. My oldest living son is fifty-eight years and my youngest is ten. My oldest living daughter is fifty and my youngest is sixteen.

"I am now (1899) in the eighty-fifth year of my age and am writing with out "specks". My hearing is good but the activity of my legs is gone. I expect to be through building canals and mills soon.

"My sons and daughters all own good homes and are all true to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"My youngest brother, Robert, six years my junior, is still living and has about as many living sons and daughters as I. They are all in comfortable circumstances. My oldest brother has been dead for many years. He has living some noble sons and daughters.

"Of my one hundred seventy-five grandchildren, there are one hundred thirty-six living. I have thirteen living great-grandchildren and three dead.

"I have, living in Salt Lake County, six sons and five daughters; at Spanish Fork, three sons and two daughters, and

in Star Valley, Wyoming, seven sons three daughters".

As a patriarch he stood at the head of his numerous family, honored, revered, loved, a man of God. His last trip to Star Valley was in the summer of 1900. Before he left there, he bade the people goodbye, saying that he would not try to come again on account of his age.

Most people wait until their friends are dead to express their appreciation for them; his praised him in life.

"I have attended my own funeral," he told the folks later when describing the farewell party given in his honor in Afton before he left.

A sad death occurred in his family June 13, 1901. Joseph, strong and vigorous, was stricken with pneumonia. Medical aid and expert nursing were administered, but after a week's illness he succumbed, on his forty-first birthday. His wife, Ariadne, with seven children, the youngest nineteen days old, survived him. He left her a good home, a farm and means to rear the family, but they had always been a devoted couple and his death was a sad blow.

"SUNSET"

Archibald's grandchild Delila, daughter of Neil of Spanish Fork, felt highly honored when her grandfather, Aunt Lila, Aunt Ellie, and Aunt Rachie came to her wedding reception, held at the home of her father, August 15, 1901.

During the reception some special music was to be rendered. She went to find grandfather. He was on the front porch, and when she told him her errand he said, "My girl," pointing to the mill across the street, "the sweetest music to my ears has always come from the sound of falling waters on the wheel of a busy mill. I loved it as a child in Scotland and I love it now".

Later in the evening she had occasion to seek him. Peals of laughter came from the front bed room. It was crowded with appreciative listeners, and he was entertaining them from his inexhaustible fund of stories. He was a past master in the art of story telling. Never was a situation suggested but he had a yarn to fit it. Never did he enter a crowd but he was the center of attraction. Everyone gathered about him to enjoy his good humor and listen to his anecdotes. He radiated happiness and good will. His was a magnetic personality.

At one time he was asked if he ever ran out of yarns. He replied that he was once in a contest with a famous teller of tales. The contest began one long winter night. First one told a story, then the other tried to better it. Hour after hour passed along. About two or three in the morning the audience began to thin out. At day light but one or two remained.

"I'm through," said his opponent. "I've just begun", said Archibald.

His legs and knees were quite stiff in 1901, so that he had some difficulty getting about. He so appreciated the least favor one did for him. A cup of water was received with so much graciousness that the giver of it felt as if she were serving a

king. And a king among men he was—a great and noble soul. His last Christmas holidays were spent at the home of his son Neil in Spanish Fork relating the events of his life. In his inimitable style he unfolded his life's drama up until the time he reached Nauvoo. All this his granddaughter recorded.

He was taken ill at Spanish Fork.

During January of 1902 his health was poor. He went home to West Jordan. He had suffered from hernia for years but said very little about it. It was troubling him now. On the first Sunday in February, stake conference was held at Sandy, and Aunt Jane and Delila went in the afternoon. Rawsel came to stay with his father while they were away. He went for Dr. Robertson who said he must go to a hospital at once. Early next morning he was made comfortable in a sleigh. Reuben, Rawsel and Robert drove him to St. Mark's. He was operated on for strangulated hernia. He rallied after the ordeal, but the shock was too great at his advanced age. In a weak voice and with a smile he murmured: "Here I go to solve the great mystery."

He passed peacefully away early in the morning of February 8, 1902. Nine of his sons were present: Neil, Reuben, George, Rawsel, Henry, Syrenus, Robert, James H., and Wallace. They had been in constant attendance while he was at the hospital. Other members of the family and friends had come as often as they could.

His remains were taken to the Joseph E. Taylor Undertaking Parlor and, as the weather was so disagreeable and the roads in such a bad condition, it was decided to hold his funeral on the twelfth at the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Hall. This was a disappointment to many. He was a patriarch of Jordan Stake and universally revered and loved. Many who should have liked to, were unable to attend. Angus M. Cannon and Joseph E. Taylor made all funeral arrangements. Bishop John A. Egbert of West Jordan Ward and Jesse W. Fox took charge of the services which were crowded. Friends and relatives from Spanish Fork, Star Valley, Logan, Lehi, and Jordan were present.

Apostle John Henry Smith, one of the speakers said, "God never placed a truer man on this earth." He compared him to a sturdy oak standing alone in a field. He had withstood the winds of adversity and grown strong. He was a giant among men. He never betrayed his wives, his children, or his God. Apostle

Matthias F. Cowley said there never would be a time but what a goodly number of his posterity would bear the Holy Priesthood. Burial was in the Salt Lake City Cemetery. He was eighty-seven years, five months, and six days old. He left three wives, sixteen sons and twelve daughters, one hundred fifty-five grandchildren and thirty-two great grandchildren.

The night before he went to the hospital he said he was ready and willing to die. So many of his loved ones were on the other side. All he dreaded was the passing, the nature of which he knew so little. He bore a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel and rejoiced that every one of his numerous family had membership and standing in the Church. His mind always reached out for ways and means to benefit his people. He said that night he should have liked to live to see pumps installed on Utah Lake and the water lifted onto the upper benches in Salt Lake County. Later his ideas and plans were worked out; a pumping plant was installed on Utah Lake. The water was taken out and into the Jordan River, then onto the high lands, by his son James H. and others. James H. and Ingles had the contract.

THE AFTER GLOW

The stake conference at Afton was in session when news of his death reached there. The Sunday afternoon session was held in his honor, and the entire time taken by close friends and acquaintances who bore testimony of the sterling worth of their benefactor. It was an occasion of sorrow to everyone, and there were few dry eyes in the house. Every speaker praised him and thanked his Heavenly Father that they had known such a noble man. The stake president, George Osmond, stated that no person that had ever entered Star Valley had done so much to assist its people or to build up the country. His many good qualities were dwelt on, especially his charitable nature. His heart and hand went out to the poor and needy. B. H. Allred, Jr., testifies to the following: "One hard winter, during the pioneer days of Star Valley, flour was scarce and money scarcer. The stores required three dollars cash down per hundred for flour. I had managed to gather together a few dollars and decided to go to Brother Gardner's mill and purchase some. I found him standing on the porch.

"'Brother Gardner, have you any flour?'

"'Yes sir,' he said, 'and have you any money?' 'I have,' said I, taking the money from my pocket.

"'Well,' said Brother Gardner, 'you can't buy flour from me. You have the cash and can get it at the stores. Many of the people have no money and they can't obtain any without. So I must save my flour for them.'" Brother Allred said he was dumbfounded. Never before had he witnessed any such thing, and as he related it, tears rolled down his cheeks.

"The following day," said Brother Allred, "I went to the store and so did Brother Gardner. He was there to buy a mill file and asked for it on credit. He hadn't money enough to pay for so small an article and yet I had offered him money the

day before which he had refused."

Another instance was related by A. M. Nielson, formerly of Sandy, Utah.

"I was entirely out of flour and had no money to buy any. My family was hungry. I had been to the stores and had tried to get a sack without success. I went to bed that night feeling very blue. There was no bread in the house for breakfast and no flour to make any. Next morning to our wonder and joy, what should I find upon opening the door, and leaning against it, but a sack of flour. There was no evidence as to who my benefactor was save the large foot prints in the snow that led to Gardner's mill."

At another time this same man found himself in similar circumstances. His family was very hungry. He forced himself to ask for help at the store.

The merchant said, "Have you a cow?" "Yes," said Brother Nielson.

"Well, I'll see. Perhaps I will come and look at her." But this did not relieve the urgent need. He started home and met Brother Gardner in the street.

"How are you, Andrew? Have you any flour?"

"No, sir" he answered, "and I can't get any."

"Yes, you can. Come with me." together they went to the mill where Andrew received the much-needed ration.

At another time there was a severe shortage. His son Clarence was running the mill, and Archie carried off the flour as fast as it was ground. "Have you any flour, son?" Upon finding there was some, he would put from twenty-five to fifty pounds in a sack and start for some home where he knew it was needed, oftentimes carrying it two miles. Finally Clarence became quite put out at the way business was being conducted. He told his father it was no use for him to try to get ahead, that he gave flour away as fast as it was ground. The grand old man put his hand on his son's shoulder and said, "My boy, I have not lived for myself alone. I have not accumulated treasures on earth, but I have tried to lay some up in heaven. I want something to my credit when I get there. As long as I have any

flour, I will share it with those in need."

Another time he wished to buy a beef and found that his neighbor had a fat cow for sale. The neighbor was a poor man, and needing flour, decided to sell it to obtain some.

"What do you ask for her, Brother Olsen?"

"Sixteen dollars" said he.

"Well I can't give you that for her. She is worth eighteen dollars. That is my price in flour."

His fairness in his deals, his attention to the needs of the people, his cheerfulness and kindness won the love of every person who knew him.

"Blessed are the meek." Archibald Gardner was meek, yet he could take chastizement. His faith in the Gospel was founded on a rock. Nothing men said or did affected it even though it be the President of the Church and he thought the reprimand unjustified.

Susan Y. Gates in her biography of her father relates an incident to this effect. Her father on some provocation rebuked a bishop before a public gathering. That bishop was Archibald Gardner. After his scathing reproof he said, "Now, Bishop Gardner, I don't want you to go and apostatize because of what I have said." The bishop arose and in stentorian tones (his voice could be heard two blocks away) replied, "Don't worry, Brother Brigham. This is my Father's kingdom and I have just as much right in it as you have." At this remark the Leader chuckled.

At stake conference held at Spanish Fork shortly before his death he was called upon to speak. He bore a strong testimony to the divinity of the Gospel and then told about his family.

"There may be some who are better looking than my children but I am proud of my family because I believe they are all honest."

At one time he was in the Z. C. M. I. when he met Brother Jennings. The latter was telling of his financial success.

"How is it, Brother Gardner, that you and I came to Utah at the same time, in about the same circumstances. Now I am wealthy and you are a poor man."

"Brother Jennings, I would not begin to trade possessions with you."

"Is that so?" said the latter. "I thought you were a poor man."

Said Archibald, "You have much property but only one wife, and but two or three children. I have—" and he named a number of wives and children. "I expect to have all these in the next world while your money and property you must leave behind you." The laugh that went up from the listeners was not at Archie's expense.

James Robertson, a life long friend of Brother Gardner, quoted from Pope:

"A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Archie Gardner was an honest man.

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COPPER PLAQUE ON THE GARDNER MONUMENT

This monument erected in 1936 was dedicated December 11, 1936. It marks the site of the Gardner saw mill erected by Archibald and Robert Gardner and saved the first commercial lumber on the first formal grant of water for industrial purposes in Utah. A little later they built a flour mill, the second in Utah, a few rods upstream. Gardner's Fort, domicile of the family, was located a short distance northeast of the saw mill. The Gardners received the first permit to leave the pioneer fort.

FAITH CARRIES OVER

His faith in Christ and the restored Gospel was the great motivating power of his life. How well that faith had carried over to his posterity is partially shown in the following data:

Ten of his sons performed full-time missions, one of the number an additional six-months' mission.

Five sons-in-law carried the Gospel to the nations on full-time missions with one of them an additional six-months' mission.

The missions of Canada, United States, South America, the various countries of Europe, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and the islands of the sea have received as messengers of Christ up to September 1935, twenty-six grandsons, four granddaughters, sixteen grandsons-in-law, one granddaughter-in-law, fourteen great grandsons, two great granddaughters and one great grandson-in-law.

What would Duncan Livingston, who questioned Archibald's statement that the Gospel would be preached to all nations, say, if confronted with that record?

Numerous members of his family have held positions of responsibility in the Church and in the State. Numerous stake presidents, high councilmen, bishops, and heads of auxiliary organizations have been filled by his posterity. His son Henry was president of Utah Senate longer than any other man, four terms, sixteen years. His son James H. was superintendent of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company. His sons Clarence and Ozo were in the Wyoming Legislature for many years. Perhaps he is the only man in Utah history that has himself, his son, and grandson served in the State Legislature.

The command, "Honor thy father and mother," has been in the hearts of his children. His great pride was that they were all honest. Carry on, posterity. He gave you a name and heritage to be proud of. Never by thought, word, or deed bring dishonor to that name.

WIVES AND CHILDREN OF ARCHIBALD GARDNER

Wives:

Margaret Livingston	149
Abigail Sprague Bradford	154
Mary Ann Bradford	158
Laura Althea Thompson	161
Jane Park Gardner	165
Serena Evensen	167
Sarah Jane Hamilton	177
Harriet Armitage Larter	179
Elizabeth Dowding	179
Elizabeth Elinor Lewis Raglin	179
Mary Larsen Gardner	180
<i>Adopted Children</i>	184

MARGARET LIVINGSTON

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CHILDREN

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MARGARET LIVINGSTON

and

CHILDREN

MARGARET LIVINGSTON

Among the Scotch emigrants who flocked to America in the first quarter of the nineteenth century were Neil Livingston, his wife, Janet McNair, and three little girls, Sarah, Mary, and Margaret. The latter had been born two years before among the Highlands of Scotland—at Loch Gilthead in Argyllshire—October 12, 1818. Overseas they came in a sailing vessel and landed at Quebec, November 20, 1820.

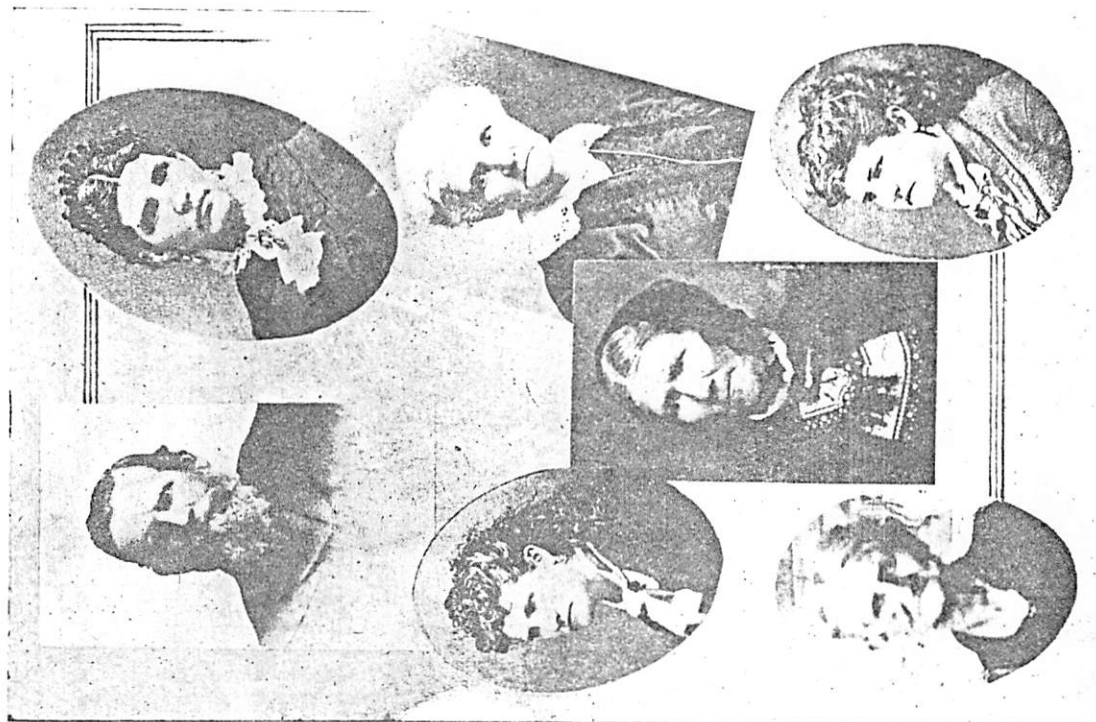
They made haste to a hotel, secured quarters, and there during the night a fourth girl, Janet, was born. When the mother was strong enough, the family moved into a log cabin in the backwoods of Canada where later four boys, Neil, John, Duncan, and Dougal were added to the family.

The father had cut down trees, hewed logs, and built their first home there with his own hands. He struggled for a few years tilling the soil, but it was a poor living he eked out and thinking to improve their condition, he left to find work. He was never heard of again.

With the breadwinner gone, life was indeed hard for the Livingston family. As soon as the girls were old enough to help, they went to Detroit, Michigan, to seek employment. Sarah, the oldest, obtained work as a dressmaker and Mary, as serving maid. All the money possible was saved for the support of the family. Even the visits home were made on foot, the price of fare going to mother. As soon as Margaret and Janet were able to get work, they hired out—Margaret as a lady's maid and Janet, as helper in the kitchen. Their meager earnings were added to the family coffers.

Sarah married John McKellar and Mary, John McFarlane, both of Detroit.

Sometime in the year 1836, Archibald Gardner, a young Scotchman, built a grist mill at Brooke. While cutting a road through the timber to a saw mill which he built later, he met Margaret, and it was a case of love at first sight. He always said that something whispered to his understanding that she should be his wife. Accordingly, when he got his mill started, he sent to Detroit for her, a distance of a hundred miles, and they were married February 19, 1839, in Brooke Township, Canada.



Neil
Sarah G. Haun
Rachel M. G. Irving
Margaret G. Smith
Mary Ellen Gardner
Margaret Livingston, Mother
Delila Gardner

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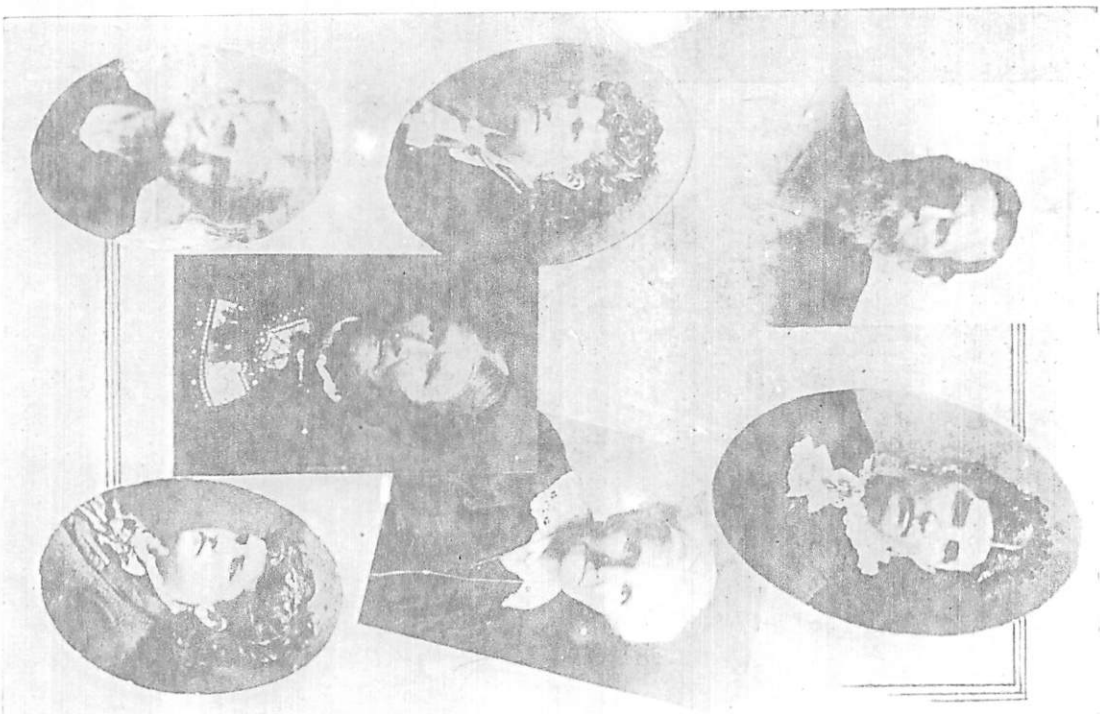
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Neil
Sarah G. Haun
Rachel M. G. Irving
Margaret G. Smith
Mary Ellen Gardner
Margaret Livingston, Mother
Della Gardner

Here they made their first home near the Brooke mill. Life held promise. They were prosperous and happy. This humble domicile was in a lovely grove of maples on top of the hill overlooking the dale through which ran Bear Creek, a tributary of the Sydenham River. In this home her oldest son, Robert, was born, February 1, 1840.

A little later a larger and better house was built on the hillside across the road from the mill. A depression indicating a cellar and a rock foundation are there to this day. The race, which crosses the road from the site of Archie's first grist mill, is also still plainly discernible. Here her children Neil, Archibald, and Janet were born, and here little Archibald died, October 10, 1844, aged eighteen months, of bowel trouble.

When the Gospel was brought to Canada by John Borrowman, the Gardner brothers, together with their wives, mother, and sister accepted it. Margaret and Janet were the only ones of the Livingston family ever to join the Church.

They left Canada, twenty-four of them, in 1846. They spent the winter in Winter Quarters where much sickness overtook them. Margaret was ill about three weeks, her son Robert about the same length of time, and then the baby Janet was stricken. She died at the same age, and of the same complaint as her little brother Archie had succumbed to two years previously. She lies buried at Winter Quarters.

In June, 1847, they began the long, tedious journey across the plains. Day after day, week after week, they moved slowly along, often enveloped in clouds of choking, stinging alkali dust. Margaret, with high courage and sustaining faith that God our Father was with them, held reins in hand and drove bravely on across the swollen creeks and raging rivers. Often the way led over high and steep mountain passes, then up and down through narrow sheer-walled, rock-strewn gorges to the monotonous tune of "gee, haw" of the ox team drivers. She drove a span of mares all the way, even over Big Mountain. They arrived in the valley on October 1, 1847, camped in the Old Fort and here her daughter Margaret was born in the early hours of the morning of October 6, 1847. A wagon box which had been lifted off the running gears and made secure nearer the ground served as her hospital.

In the spring of 1848 they moved to Mill Creek where the

rest of her family were born; namely, Sarah, Mary Ellen, Rachael Maria, and Delila.

It was here she passed through the great trial of her faith. Her husband contemplated plural marriage. Her soul revolted at the idea. She felt she could not stand to live in it. She even moved to her sister Janet's, determined to give up her husband rather than adopt a life intolerable to her. No persuasion on his part could dissuade her.

A conference was held in a cottonwood grove in Mill Creek about this time, and President Young was in attendance. At Archibald's request he conferred with Margaret. "There was a feast of reason and a flow of soul." In a long conversation the President explained the principle of plural marriage and the necessity of the Saints' accepting it at that time. She was converted. He blessed her, and through prayer she was comforted. Ever afterward she was mother to his large family. She was respected, honored, and loved by his other wives and by all of his children.

She saw the gulls destroy the crickets that threatened their livelihood and acknowledged the hand of the Lord in sparing the crops.

Robert, their oldest son, was a fine boy. He was lovable and kind and the pride of his parents. While playing ball one day he injured his knee and hip. Adequate medical care was a rarity. Home applications and remedies were administered, but tuberculosis set in, and after eight months of terrible suffering he died June 3, 1853, aged thirteen years, four months. Margaret's grief was inconsolable. Life itself was relentless and difficult.

She went with the rest of the Gardners to Spanish Fork at the time of the "move". Her husband built a grist and saw mill and commenced a fine home there. But he was called back to be bishop of West Jordan in 1859, and the home which had been raised to the square was never finished.

Margaret lived in the large center room of the long weather-board house on the corner where the Neil L. Gardner home now stands. It was built for a temporary residence.

Her home contained a convenience not common among pioneer homes of Utah. It was called a "step stove" and was brought across the plains by them in '47. It had a hearth where,

if you opened the front doors you could see the grate which contained the fire—if there was one. Above the fire box were two holes where a kettle could be boiled in a hurry; another rise, and in the top of this elevation were two more holes, and below them was the small oven. Neil was employed at the mill, so it was the duty of the older girls to chop and carry in the daily wood supply. When the freighters came for their supply of flour, they brought with them a copy of the weekly *Deseret News*. This was greedily read and passed around and discussed. During the evening Patterson and Murray, neighbors, came to peruse the paper by the light of the fire in the grate, and young Maggie's daily supply of wood melted away.

Maggie was engaged to work for Mrs. Rhoda Snell about this time. The latter's son Will, a large, strong, young man was becoming mentally deranged. One morning Maggie took a pan of milk down a cellar where it could be kept cool. She placed it on the shelf and upon turning around was horrified to find Will sitting on the steps to the only exit, with a demoniacal look in his eye. She dared not move or scream. Hour after hour passed. His mother discovered him there but dared not cross him. All the men and boys of the household and of the neighborhood had gone to the fields, miles away, for the day. Poor Maggie feared even to change position. After what seemed ages the men of the house returned. Will was taken and locked in a room by himself—no mental hospitals to care for those unfortunates in Utah at that date. Needless to say, Maggie wasn't allowed to work there any more.

The family made their home at Spanish Fork until 1865 when Margaret with her five daughters moved to West Jordan, leaving her son, Neil, (who had married in the meantime) at Spanish Fork to run the mills and look after the business there.

Seven years had made a considerable difference in the family. Maggie was now eighteen, Sarah, fifteen, Ellen, thirteen, Rachael, eleven, and Delila, eight.

When the West Jordan Relief Society was organized April 21, 1868, she was chosen treasurer. This position she retained until July 6, 1891, when she was released on account of failing health.

It was in 1883 that dread paralysis first touched her.

Gradually it tightened its grip. She became unable to walk, was deprived of her speech, and during the last years of her life was entirely helpless. Kind hands and loving hearts cared for her and did what they could to comfort her in her dire affliction. She died at her home in West Jordan September 21, 1893. Death came as a happy release and ended a beautiful life of devotion and self-sacrifice. She was buried in the Salt Lake Cemetery among her loved ones. Her two daughters, Margaret Smith, and Sarah Hawn, had preceded her to the Great Beyond. Her husband, son Neil, and three daughters, Mary Ellen Gardner, Rachael Maria Irving, and Delila Gardner survived her. She was a noble soul, gentle, kindly, generous. She was true to the faith that she had embraced in early womanhood and a faithful follower of the "Lowly Nazarene".

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, their works do follow them."

CHILDREN OF MARGARET LIVINGSTON

Robert: born February 1, 1840, at Brooke, Kent County, Canada; died June 13, 1853, at Mill Creek, Salt Lake County.

Neil: born June 24, 1841, at Brooke; died July 6, 1906, at Spanish Fork; married Regina Evensen.

Archibald: born April 10, 1843, at Brooke; died October 10, 1844, at Brooke.

Janet: born April 9, 1845, at Brooke; died October 10, 1846, at Winter Quarters.

Margaret: born October 6, 1847, at Salt Lake City; died March 20, 1884, at West Jordan; married Albert Smith.

Sarah: born February 10, 1850, at Mill Creek; died August 23, 1889, at West Jordan; married Chas. D. Hawn.

Mary Ellen: born February 17, 1852, at Mill Creek; married Neil L. Gardner.

Rachael Maria: born May 10, 1854, at Mill Creek; married John W. Irving.

Delila: born July 18, 1857, at Mill Creek.

ABIGAIL SPRAGUE BRADFORD

Abigail Sprague Bradford Gardner came of good old English stock. Her forefather, William Sprague, came from England in the ship "Abigail" in 1628 in company with Governor Endicott.

William and brothers, Ralph and Richard, were founders of the city of Charleston, Mass., in 1638. They were persons of character, substance, and enterprise—excellent citizens and public benefactors as were many of their descendants. Abigail's grandfather served in the Revolutionary War, first as sergeant in 1777 and then as first lieutenant in Captain Samuel Taylor's 6th Company, Hampshire County Regiment—commissioned November 18, 1779. Her father, Hezekiah Sprague, after his marriage settled in Oxford, Chenango Co., New York, where eight of his children were born. In 1809 he disposed of his holdings there to his brother Basil and moved about fifty-five miles northwest into Cayuga Co., N. Y. Here Abigail was born August 14, 1813, and later Henry, at the same place. About 1822 Hezekiah sold out and again went west with his wife Abigail and children Lois, Rawsel, Ithamer, Gad, Abigail, and Henry and located in the southeastern part of Indiana. The father and mother, Ithamer and wife, Abigail and husband, and Henry joined the Church of Jesus Christ about 1833 in Cotton Township, Switzerland Co., Indiana. Abigail had married Hial Bradford August 21, 1833. He was the only one of a family of ten to join. They all moved to Illinois to be with the body of the Saints and settled at Nauvoo, Hancock Co., where Hial bought a farm and later purchased another one adjoining it. Pleasant was born here.

On one occasion Hial and Abigail were taking their little son Rawsel to a doctor. They feared his hand would have to be amputated. On the way they met the Prophet Joseph. He examined the injured hand and told them to return home as it would be all right, and it was.

Hial and Abigail both received their patriarchal blessings under the hand of the Patriarch Hyrum Smith. She was promised that her name should be perpetuated, that she should be honored by posterity and that the blessings of God should rest upon her descendants. She would be blessed in basket and in store and would gain a knowledge of God and His mysteries that would be a comfort to her heart in time of need. These promises with others gave her faith and strength to bear up under the

severe trials so soon to overtake her.

Persecution ran riot in Nauvoo. When the remains of the murdered prophet and his brother lay in state, she and her daughter Mary Ann were among the thousands to view them.

Abigail was very ill when her baby Tryphena was born September 30, 1845. Her husband went for his brother's wife to help at the sick bed. He took his brother's baby with him on the horse and was so long in returning that the family became concerned and went in search of him. He was found feeling his way to the house. He had taken suddenly and violently ill. He died during the night. A little eight-year-old son, Grandville, died about the same time. Two vacant chairs met her gaze when Abigail was able to sit up.

Persecutions continued. The Saints were being driven from their homes. Abigail sold her two farms, two thousand bushels of corn, livestock, and personal property for two outfits, including a plow, some other implements, seeds for planting, and provisions.

Her husband's brothers, hearing of her intentions to go west, offered to take care of her and her children, and educate them, if they would only abandon the idea of the perilous journey. But her mind was settled; her heart was with the Saints.

Henry with his wife and children settled a few miles down the river from Burlington. He started west with the Saints but lost his cattle. In the search for them he got a few days behind the company too long to rejoin them. He never came any farther west.

Abigail and children, father, and mother spent the winter of '46 at Winter Quarters. Here her mother died and was buried. Her brother Ithamer, his wife, and five children stopped at Mt. Pisgah with a company of Saints for the winter. Sickness and death overtook them, and the wife and all the children lie buried there.

In June, 1847, Abigail, with her father, her brother Ithamer, and her children, Mary Ann, (sixteen), Rawsel, (fourteen), Sylvester, (eight), Pleasant, (four), and Tryphena, (two), started for the West.

They traveled in Bishop Hunter's company of one hundred

wagons, Captain Horne's Fifty, and Captain Archibald Gardner's company of ten.

During the journey one ox died, so they hooked up "Old Lil," the milk cow, to take his place. Each morning the milk was poured into the churn and each night a pat of butter was taken out. The jolting of the wagon did the trick.

The "Old Sow," a cannon used in the War of 1812, was brought across the plains with them to be used against the Indians if necessary. Sylvester, Al Babcock, and Wiley Thomas took turns riding it. The cannon is now in the museum on Temple Square.

Towards the end of the long trek one of her wagons became so "good-for-nothing" that she prayed night and morning that it would hold together until they reached their destination. It broke down completely in Emigration Canyon, almost within sight of their goal.

Upon reaching the valley they located in the "Old Fort," The children, Mary Ann and Rawsel, helped make the adobes which went into their first home in the valley. The adobes were moulded in wooden boxes a foot long.

She married Archibald Gardner April 26, 1849.

At the time of the "move" she went to Spanish Fork with the rest of the Gardner family, and sometime in '63 she moved to West Jordan. Her daughter Abby had taught school at Spanish Fork a season. Her two sons, Sylvester and Pleasant Bradford, bought farms at Spanish Fork near the river, and their sister Tryphena kept house for them.

In the fall 1864 a triple wedding took place. The two Bradford boys, and their sister Tryphena, were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, and a wedding reception was tendered the three young couples at West Jordan. Sylvester was married to Mary Jones; Pleasant, to Mary's sister Jane; and Tryphena, to Gillet Hales, all of Spanish Fork. There they made their homes.

She was genial of disposition, of medium stature, but very heavy. She learned the Indian language, made friends with the Indians, and was able to be of great service when trouble arose. On different occasions she sat in their circles and smoked



Abigail Sprague Bradford, Mother

Abigail G. Haun Gauchet

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the pipe of peace with them, a solemn pledge between whites and red men, long remembered and generally respected.

Through all her trials and hardships she never once lost faith in the Gospel. She lived its precepts and taught its precious truths to her children and her children's children.

She died January 16, 1879, at West Jordan, Utah, and was buried in the Salt Lake Cemetery.

CHILDREN OF ABIGAIL SPRAGUE BRADFORD

Abigail: born April 26, 1850, at Mill Creek; died February 26, 1892, at Annabell, Sevier County; married Philip Gauchet.

MARY ANN BRADFORD

Mary Ann Bradford, daughter of Hial and Abigail Sprague Bradford, was born November 7, 1831, in Cotton Township, Switzerland Co., Indiana.

Her early history was closely associated with that of her father and mother. They joined the Church in 1838, and she was brought up to observe its teachings.

She went with them to Nauvoo in 1840, and they settled about six miles below the city, near the Mississippi River. On their eighty-acre farm they prospered. All went well until the father Hial was suddenly called by death to leave his loved ones.

Two days later her brother Grandville passed away. All the while her mother lay at death's door following confinement. All the children except Mary Ann were ill with chills and fever, and upon her, a little girl of fourteen, rested the responsibility of caring for the rest of the family. She did all the chores, feeding and watering the horses and cattle, besides looking after the sick, and she never tired or complained. Her courage and faith in her Heavenly Father sustained her, and later with a grateful heart she offered up thanks to God for restoring her mother and brothers to health.

Preparations were being made to leave Nauvoo. After her father's death two of her father's brothers, hearing of their intended exodus, came from Indiana and tried to dissuade them from going west. They were well-to-do and proffered to take the children and educate them. But the mother would not consent. Their lot was cast with that of the Saints.

After selling, or almost giving away, their home and farms for outfits for the westward journey, they, accompanied by her mother's aged and infirm parents, left Nauvoo, passing through the State of Iowa in disagreeable weather over muddy roads.

After reaching Winter Quarters, the old grandmother died and the infirm grandfather was left to Mary Ann's care.

They left Winter Quarters in the summer of '47 in Bishop Hunter's company of one hundred and Archibald Gardner's company of ten. Her brother, Rawsel, then fourteen years of age, had to make two trips back to the Mississippi for provisions. He



CHILDREN OF MARY ANN BRADFORD

Mary Elizabeth G. Turner

Rawsel B.

Mary Ann G. Bacon

Rebekah Gardner

Robert

accompanied Nathan Tanner, and the responsibility of caring for the animals was again Mary Ann's.

Upon reaching the valley they camped in the Old Fort, and Mary Ann helped make the adobes for their home. The hardships and hunger of that first winter in the valley were never forgotten. For six weeks they never tasted bread but lived on roots, greens, and old beef. In the spring they planted crops which came up beautifully only to be devoured by the black hordes of crickets. They irrigated the land, replanted, and raised enough grain for bread.

That fall they moved to Mill Creek. Mary Ann married Archibald Gardner April 26, 1849, and went to Mill Creek Canyon to cook for men getting out timber for the Gardner mills.

At the time of the Johnston's Army she moved to Spanish Fork with the rest of the Saints, then later came to West Jordan where she made her home. The house, now torn down, on the hill just west of the Gardner Grist Mill, was built for her. She cooked for the men when her husband first came to West Jordan to build a grist mill and again she cooked there for the men who built the old rock ward house.

She was the mother of nine children: Mary Elizabeth, William Archibald, Rhoda Ann, Rawsel B., Mary Ann, John, Rebecca, Robert, and Abigail Jane. Three babies, William, John, and Abigail Jane preceded her in death.

She was always a loyal, devoted wife and loving mother. When she was expecting her husband, his supper was always ready. Upon sight of his oxen or horses she was out to greet him. She would help unharness his animals, feed them, and share his humble meal with him. If he were late and darkness fell before his arrival, there was always a lighted candle in the widow to guide him home. When this devoted wife died January 28, 1864, at the age of thirty-three, following the birth of her last babe, she was deeply mourned. "The light in the window has gone out" lamented her sorrowing husband. She was buried in the cemetery in Salt Lake City.

CHILDREN OF MARY ANN BRADFORD

Mary Elizabeth: born February 1, 1850, at Mill Creek; died

CHILDREN OF MARY ANN BRADFORD

June 11, 1932, at Turnerville, Wyoming; married William A. Turner.

William Archibald: born October 25, 1851, at Mill Creek; died October 6, 1852, at Mill Creek.

Rhoda Ann: born July 25, 1853, at Mill Creek, died October 26, 1867, at West Jordan.

Rawsel B.: born April 1, 1856, at Mill Creek; died February 7, 1929, at West Jordan; married Sophy Seipert.

John: born October 2, 1857, at Big Cottonwood; died October 15, 1857, at Big Cottonwood.

Mary Ann: born October 2, 1857, at Big Cottonwood; died April 24, 1887, at West Jordan; married Edmund Bacon.

Rebekah: born November 22, 1859, at West Jordan; married Heber Gardner.

Robert: born April 4, 1862, at West Jordan; married Carrie Andrus.

Abigail Jane: born January 27, 1864, at West Jordan; died January 29, 1864, at West Jordan.

LAURA ALTHEA THOMPSON

Laura Althea T. Gardner was born at Alexander, Genesee Co., New York, August 3, 1834. She was the daughter of George and Lucia Thompson. With them she crossed the plains, arriving in Utah in 1850. They settled in Cottonwood. She taught school for a season and married Archibald Gardner of Mill Creek, March 3, 1851.

She continued to teach after her marriage. The school was in a one-room log house in Mill Creek located at 48th South, and 10th East (Murray) on top of the hill.

Among her pupils were Sarah and Mary Ellen, her husband's children, William (Robert Gardner's son), Andrew Helm, and a few years later Serena, Archibald's Norwegian wife.

She went south to Spanish Fork at the time of the move and there she ran a small store on the corner of the lot where Neil L. Gardner's home now stands. In addition to white settlers the Indians used to come here to trade. Among them was a good-looking young squaw. One long-remembered day a local man sold whiskey to the Indians, among them the husband of the dusky maiden before mentioned. "Liquored Indians" are insane Indians. The poor squaw in her desperation tried to hide away from her spouse, but he found her. Next day she came to the store with her face covered with blood and her nose gone. He had cut it off with his tomahawk.

After the move Althea with Aunt Jane, Lizzie, and Sarah Jane moved back to the home by the mill on the Big Cottonwood Creek.

Sometime in 1863 George Delos, Althea's oldest son, a boy of ten, was stricken with a white swelling in his leg just under the knee. He suffered greatly. Surgical skill at that time was very meagre in the Territory. Doctors declared it necessary to amputate the limb and said he would die. His parents decided it should not be taken off. Personally George was very much opposed to having it removed. A man by the name of E. W. Vannetten doctored him, and he recovered sufficiently to walk with a cane. Later he had to use crutches. June 15, 1897, he went to St. Marks Hospital and had the leg amputated. His health improved, but he always used crutches and never had an artificial limb.

On February 28, 1869, Althea was chosen president of the Relief Society of the West Jordan Ward, with Clarissa Beckstead and Louisa Egbert as counselors. She held this position until December 12, 1880, when she was honorably released as she with her family was moving to Taylorsville. Archibald was building a mill there.

Sorrows were hers. The tragic death of her eighteen-year-old son Archie December 4, 1876, is told in his father's life as is the death of her last baby, Perry Wilburn, and her lovely daughter Laura soon afterward. Fanny, the Indian girl, lived with Althea for sixteen years. She was a good worker, was treated kindly and was contented there. She died in 1879.

That spring Clinton Thompson moved south onto the Sevier, leaving his aged mother to the care of his sister, Aunt Althea. She moved to the old family home in Cottonwood, which it was agreed she should receive for this service. The mother lived a little over a year. After her passing Althea moved back to Jordan.

In 1882, when Archibald divided up his property on West Jordan, Althea was given a farm.

In 1884 two of Althea's sons married, George Delos to Eugenia Huffaker on May 4, and Joseph, to Ariadne, her half-sister, on October 2. Receptions following both weddings were held at the home of the boys' mother, in Taylorsville, where Joseph was running the mill. During the years they lived there, Aunt Althea's youngest daughter Nettie attended the University of Utah and later taught school at Taylorsville. Previous to their marriages, George and Joseph, with their father's help, each built a two-room brick house on his land at West Jordan. George and his wife went to live in their new home soon after the wedding, but Joseph stayed a while and ran the mill at Taylorsville. Sometime during 1884 Archibald began to build brick homes for Aunt Althea and Aunt Mary on their farms.

In 1885 he sold his grist mill at Taylorsville to the Bennions, and Aunt Althea moved back to Jordan. She lived in the old adobe house that is still standing by the mill, until her home on the farm was completed, when she occupied it.

On July 21, 1886, Aunt Althea's daughter Ellen Janet (Nettie) married Ira Bennion of Taylorsville in the Logan Temple.

A reception was held at her mother's in West Jordan. They lived for a while with his mother until he built a large brick home nearby.

July 6, 1891, Bishop John A. Egbert reorganized the West Jordan Ward Relief Society. Agnes Cutler was made president, and Althea was chosen second counselor.

January 13, 1896, President Cutler was released after which Althea was chosen first counselor to Marinda Bateman, the new president.

She was capable and trustworthy. She was refined, dignified, and kindly, especially to the young people. They loved to go to her home. She was so impartial in her treatment of the children of her husband's other wives that her sister's daughter, a frequent visitor at her home, never knew until she was grown that the children of the other wives were not her own cousins. They were one big happy family—no bickering or quarreling. When Rena was a young girl, she visited at Aunt Althea's on one occasion. Her father came in one morning and asked Althea if she would like to go to Salt Lake City with him. If she went he would take the horse and buggy; if he went alone, he would go on the train. Now, she would have liked to but did not say so.

She said she would not go that day. After he had gone, she went into the house and burst into tears.

Rena wished to be sympathetic. "I don't blame you for feeling badly. He should have taken you on the train."

"Come here, my girl," said Aunt Althea. "Sit up in the window with me. Your father was not to blame. It was all my fault. No finer, more considerate, better man ever lived. Always remember that."

In November, 1891, Aunt Althea, her two youngest sons, Ozro and Wallace, together with Joseph, wife and children, went to Star Valley. Joseph was to run the flour mill for his father.

The next autumn Aunt Althea, Joseph and family, and Wallace moved back to Jordan. Ozro took up land in Star Valley and made it his home.

Althea's youngest son, Wallace, married Nellie Eggleston of Afton, Wyoming, in the Salt Lake Temple, September 20, 1898.

They made their home with his mother at West Jordan. Wallace owned part of the farm, and the home was to be his after his mother's death.

Aunt Althea had been troubled with a bad cough for some time. Thinking a change of climate might do her good, she went out to Star Valley to Ozro's. She was given every consideration, but her condition grew rapidly worse, and she died July 10, 1899, aged sixty-five. Capable, energetic, spiritual, she was true to her husband, her children, and her God. Her remains were brought to West Jordan where her funeral was held. She was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

CHILDREN OF LAURA ALTHEA THOMPSON

George Delos: born December 21, 1853, at Mill Creek; died July 25, 1922, at Cokeville, Wyoming; married Eugenia Huffaker.

Lucia Adell: born June 1, 1856, at Mill Creek; died April 3, 1936, at Afton, Wyoming; married Brigham Gardner.

Archibald T.: born June 27, 1858, at Spanish Fork; died December 4, 1876, at Little Cottonwood Canyon.

Joseph Smith: born June 13, 1860, at Big Cottonwood; died June 13, 1901, at West Jordan; married Ariadne T. Huffaker.

Laura Althea: born June 13, 1863, at West Jordan; died March 15, 1877, at West Jordan.

Ellen Jannett: born March 8, 1865, at West Jordan; died December 15, 1914, at Taylorsville; married Ira Bennion.

Clinton Albert: born March 21, 1867, at West Jordan; died September 18, 1867, at West Jordan.

Hyrum Obed: born September 13, 1869, at West Jordan; died April 5, 1870, at West Jordan.

Brigham Ozro: born March 17, 1872, at West Jordan; married Emma Michalson.

Wallace Ward: born September 18, 1874, at West Jordan; died December 19, 1912, at West Jordan; married Nellie Eggleston.

Perry Wilburn: born December 14, 1876, at West Jordan; died April 2, 1878, at West Jordan.



George Delos	Lucia Adell Gardner	
Joseph S.	Laura Althea Thompson	Laura Althea
B. Ozro	Ellen Janette G. Bennion	Wallace W.

JANE PARK GARDNER

Jane, daughter of David and Ann Brooks Park, was born April 15, 1834, at Warwick, Kent County, Canada. When she was but a small girl, her parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. When she was twelve, the family, a large one, left Canada with a company of Saints, including the Gardners, the Hamiltons, and her father's brother, William Park, and his family.

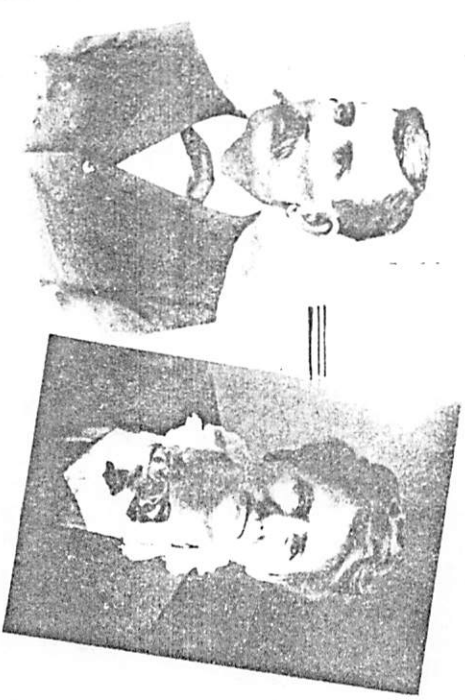
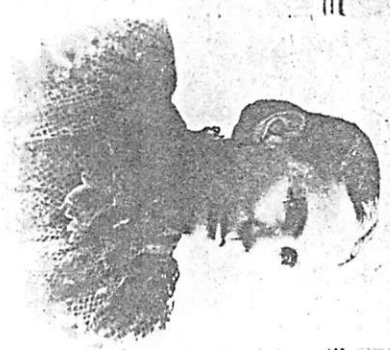
Her father and family stayed in Missouri to raise means to outfit for the western trip. In the spring of 1850 they joined some freighters coming west and crossed the plains in the usual "prairie schooner," arriving in the valley in the late summer. They settled in what was then known as Big Cottonwood, near her Uncle William and their old friends, the Gardners and Hamiltons.

They suffered the common privations of that day, and the girls had to "work out" to help. Jane learned from her mother how to do all kinds of hand sewing. She was expert in making both men's and women's clothing, and she "plied her trade." She helped the shoemaker finish the family shoes and did the housework for Aunt Margaret when Mary Ellen was born.

On August 24, 1852, she became the plural wife of Archibald Gardner, making her home at Mill Creek where her two children, Reuben and Ann Emmereit, were born. She went south to Spanish Fork at the time of the move and returned to Mill Creek after the "Utah War" was over.

Aunt Jane, as she was lovingly called by all members of the family, was ever industrious and co-operative. Many were the summers she cooked at the mills in Mill Creek, Little Cottonwood, and Weber Canyons. Out to the Green River she jostled over bad roads with Archie when, with others of his family, he went to get out ties for the incoming railroad. At Pleasant Grove she served the builders of the grist mill. She lived at the Big Cottonwood Mill on the State Road and for a number of years at the Miller Mill on the same stream. In the early days in the canyons she cooked for the mill hands over a fireplace and baked their bread in a bake skillet. Ann, her small daughter, helped smooth the way for the ox teams by removing rocks from the road.

Although her health was never very good, she resolutely labored on. If there was any fine sewing to be done, a wedding



Reuben Jane Park, Mother Ann E. G. Egbert

gown or the like—Aunt Jane was there to assist. Always her opinion and judgment were consulted in regard to Temple and burial clothes.

She was provided with a home of her own near the Jordan Mill where she and Reuben were living when she was stricken with a nervous disorder in the winter of '79 and '80. Removed to Margaret's, the girls, Rachael and Delila, helped nurse her back to health. Recovery was slow. She was troubled with nervousness for years.

She was one of the first members of the West Jordan Relief Society and served as a visiting teacher until released on account of failing health. She was a consistent Latter-day Saint and was loved and respected by all members of the family for her quiet and kindly nature.

She died following four months of severe suffering at her home in West Jordan, June 27, 1916, aged 82, after fourteen years of widowhood. She left her two children, many grandchildren, and some great grandchildren to cherish her memory. Many dear friends and neighbors recalled her good works. She was buried in the family plot in Salt Lake City Cemetery.

CHILDREN OF JANE PARK

Reuben: born July 29, 1853, at Mill Creek; died May 29, 1924, at West Jordan.

Ann Emmerett: born June 26, 1855, at Mill Creek; married Samuel W. Egbert.

SERENA EVENSEN

Tarjer Serine, daughter of Torjus Gahrnsen and Guri Thorssen (or Torssen) was the seventh child in the family, and her advent into the world was under adverse circumstances, her father having died four months previously. Her oldest brother, Gahr, was fifteen at that time, her sister Anna, fifteen, Ann Gurine, ten, Thor, eight, Nils, six, and Peder, two and a-half. Privation and hardship were hers from birth. Her mother was a courageous and religious soul and instilled into her children's minds many valuable truths although having to labor constantly to provide for her little flock. She was a midwife and nurse and answered the call of distress any time day or night, in every kind of weather, across fjord or fen alone.

After five years of widowhood the mother married a second husband, Albert Gunstensen, and to this union was born a baby boy, Torjus Martin who died, aged two.

The stepfather was kind and considerate and got along well with the family. Their small farm consisted of tiny plots of ground on the mountain side which was carefully and laboriously tended by hand as machinery was unknown to them. When the harvest was ready, it was carried on sturdy backs from field to barn. Their simple fare consisted of rye bread, fish, milk, potatoes, and a few vegetables.

Serena's schooling was under a traveling schoolmaster who boarded a week at a time with a family, taught the children, then went to the next home. Eager to learn, she would follow him from place to place as long as the school was within walking distance. The master had taught for twenty years, and he said he had met with but one girl, a rich sea captain's daughter, who was as bright in her studies as Serena.

During the long northern winter evenings, for recreation the young people used to dance and skate on the ice of the fjords. This privilege was denied Serena. Her leisure was spent with her beloved books.

When fourteen and a-half years of age, she went to the priest at Reisor, eight miles from home, one day a week for a year to finish her education. When the final examination came, previous to confirmation, she appeared before the priest for her tests in the required subjects. She outdid all the others. The

priest said, "The city girls have their knowledge in their feet, but Serena has it in her head."

Confirmation was a big day in her young life. A new gown of black alpaca had been beautifully fashioned by a cousin in Reisor, and with her offering, some coins for the priest, she took her place with the best. The priest, knowing of her heroic struggle for an education, would not accept of her present.

After graduation she found employment in Reisor with a wealthy family. While here she met, fell in love with, and married Henrik Evensen, September 22, 1843. They made their home in Reisor.

"He had been a boy of great abilities. The curate of the parish came to his parents and advised them to send him to a higher school that he might get better learning as he thought him fit to go on in the 'learned line.' But their circumstances were not such that they could do it and he went to sea. After a few years he became captain of what was then called a great ship. When he adopted the doctrines of the Latter-day Saints he fell out with the chief owner, left and in company with another man bought a small freighting vessel. After some time it was shipwrecked and he was drowned." (From a letter from Chr. Svendsen, Norway, grandson of a sister of Henrik Evensen.)

From the Church records Andrew Jensen, Assistant Church Historian gives this information: "Henrik Evensen, born 30 August, 1814 at Osterrisor, Norway. Baptized 25 June, 1852, at Osterrisor by Johan A. Ahmanson.

"He was ordained a priest June 25, 1852 and soon afterwards was drowned accidentally at sea.

"Tarjer Serine Gahrson Evensen was born 18 August, 1822, at Nipe, Sondloi Sogn, Norway; baptized 25 June, 1852 at Osterrisor by Elder John Ahmanson.

"The first Norwegian baptized in Norway was John Olsen November 26, 1851 by Hans F. Peterson who on the same day also baptized Peter Adamson. The next Norwegians baptized in Norway were Henrik Evensen and his wife Tarjer Serine at Osterrisor 25 June, 1852."

Thus she was the first Norwegian woman in Norway to be

ushered into the fold of Christ. This was five days before her son Erastus was born.

Henrik was ordained a priest the day he was baptized, traveled locally for about ten weeks enthusiastically preaching the Gospel amidst the greatest opposition. Members and Elders suffered all kinds of abuse. Many of the latter were thrown into prison.

In a letter written in Copenhagen, December 15, 1851, Elder Erastus Snow says, "We have been endeavoring to extend operations into all the principal islands and provinces of this little State (Denmark) as also to Norway, and in most places where we have tried we have gained a footing, although the difficulties we have had to encounter cannot be realized by those who have only labored in England. In many places here, to embrace the Gospel is almost equal to the sacrifice of one's life; and to travel and preach it, a man carries his life in his hands."

One night, shortly after joining the Church, Serena was tending the children of some converts who were being baptized. A boisterous mob surrounded the house, making all sorts of threats and throwing rocks on the roof. Finally, they decided to leave.

On Sunday, December 5th, 1852, a number of Elders imprisoned at Frederikstad for preaching the Gospel, received the sad news that two of the brethren, Henrik Evensen (one of the first converts to Mormonism in Osterrisor) and Halvor Targensen had met their death by drowning at sea.

It was a terrible day when the angry waves swallowed up the freighting vessel bearing Henrik home from his last trip to Denmark before sailing for Zion. He, his companion, and boat went down in the fjord almost within sight of home. All that was salvaged was his vest and a chain made of Serena's own yellow hair beautifully and expertly braided and fastened together with bands of gold. This she treasured to the day of her death.

The Call of the Sea

When a little girl, Serena loved to climb to the top of a tall pine tree near her home and watch the ships go out to sea. In sweet tones she would sing, "I wish I were in America."

"Hush, child;" her mother would say, "your brothers are

sailing the sea, and I do not wish to hear you say such things. There is witch in your words."

Serena was now a widow with four small children. Torjus, her oldest son, a boy of six, had died November 18, 1849. She was a member of an unpopular sect. Her kinsfolks felt disgraced because of her. They said she was crazy or possessed of evil spirits to consider going to a foreign land and with so unpopular a people.

Her oldest brother Gahr had been to California in the gold rush of '49 and had amassed a fortune. He now came to her and offered her a bag of gold if she would forsake her religion and remain in Norway. Her mother in tears begged her not to leave her. But the Truth was dearer to her than anything on earth. She never wavered from her original purpose of going to Zion.

The snow was six feet deep on the level that winter day when the boat in which she began her westward journey pulled out to sea. She long remembered the form of her dear mother silhouetted against the whiteness of the mountain peaks of her homeland, weeping and wringing her hands and waving a last farewell.

Trouble developed in the mechanism of the boat, and it was necessary to make the nearest port for repairs. They landed in Arendal, Norway, in a blinding snowstorm. With her babe in her arms and three others clinging to her skirts she sought lodgings until the boat was ready to move on. Once, twice, three times she was refused lodgings because she was a Mormon and would not deny it. The third time the woman answering the door told her she hadn't the heart to turn her away in so terrible a storm. She took her in and kept her six days.

Her first destination was Copenhagen, Denmark, the headquarters of the Scandinavian Mission. From here in the afternoon of December 22, 1853, the first emigrant company of the season and the third emigrating company of the Saints from Scandinavia (three hundred one souls) set sail on board the steamship "Slesvig" under the presidency of Christian J. Larsen. A large concourse of people had assembled at the wharf in Copenhagen to witness the departure of the "Mormons" and a great deal of bitterness and hard feelings were manifested.

The president of the Scandinavian Mission, John Van Cott, accompanied the emigrants as far as England.

Their route first took them south to Kiel, Germany, then by rail across the country to Gluckstadt, near the mouth of the Elbe River, where they shipped via the North Sea to Hull, England, thence across England by rail to Liverpool where they arrived December 28. On the first day of January, 1854, they went on board the ship "Jesse Munn." A few German Saints swelled the total number of souls to three hundred thirty-three. The company sailed from Liverpool January 3, 1854, and after a prosperous journey arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi River January 16th.

During the voyage twelve of the emigrants died, namely, two adults and ten children. Three couples were married.

One of the children to find a watery grave was little three-and-a-half-year-old Marie, beloved daughter of Serena. On Monday, February 20th, the "Jesse Munn" arrived at New Orleans where Christian J. and Svend Larsen made a contract for the further transportation of the company to St. Louis, Missouri, and on Saturday, January 25th, the river journey to that city began. Owing to the unusually low water in the Mississippi that season the passage up the river was slow and tedious. As a result of the change of climate and difference in the mode of living, the Norwegian Saints fell as easy prey to cholera of a very malignant type which broke out among the emigrants, resulting in an appalling number of deaths.

Westport, now a part of Kansas City, Missouri, had been selected as the outfitting place for the Saints who crossed the plains that year. A second company of Scandinavian Saints had left Copenhagen a few days after the foregoing one and crossed the ocean in the "Benjamin Adams". They came the same route and the two companies were amalgamated at Westport and organized for the journey across the plains, May 9th, under the leadership of Hans Peter Olsen. The company, which consisted of sixty-nine wagons, was divided into six smaller companies with a captain and ten or twelve wagons each. To each wagon were attached four oxen and two cows. A number of reserve oxen were taken along. From ten to twelve persons were assigned to each wagon. Oxen, wagons, tents and other traveling equipment had cost more than had been anticipated, and as a result a number of the emigrants ran short of means and were unable to

furnish a full outfit. Some of the more well-to-do contributed freely of their means to their less fortunate brethren so that none were left in the States through lack of money. Towards the close of May, another camping place was chosen about eight miles west of Kansas City, from which place the emigrants commenced their long tedious journey over the plains on Thursday, June 15, 1854.

In packing her belongings preparatory to the western trek, Serena found she had more goods than room allowed her in the wagon. With many regrets she disposed of feather beds, down quilts, and other valuables she had brought from her native land which would have added so much to her comfort later.

This company traveled over a new but shorter route. When about twenty miles out from Kansas City, a halt was called. Nearly all the teams were too heavily loaded. The emigrants had taken too much baggage along, contrary to instructions. At the suggestion of Brother Olsen some of the brethren went to Leavenworth City, about thirty miles from the camping place, to consult Apostle Orson Pratt, who in his capacity of emigrant agent had located in that city. Elder Pratt advanced the company sufficient money to buy fifty oxen, after which the journey continued. A few days west of Fort Kearney, the company, on the fifth of August, met Apostle Erastus Snow and other Elders from the valley who were enroute to missions in the States. Elder Snow held a meeting with the Scandinavian Saints and addressed them in their native tongue, which caused great rejoicing.

Of all the emigrant companies that this year crossed the plains, the Scandinavians suffered most with cholera. During their temporary sojourn near Westport as well as on the steamboats, fatalities were more numerous. Scores fell victims of the dreadful disease, and many of the Saints were compelled to bury their relatives and friends without coffins on the desolate plains. So great was the mortality among them that of the six hundred eighty souls who had left Copenhagen the previous winter only about five hundred reached their destination, Salt Lake City, October 5, 1854.

A good deal of the way across the plains Serena, as did many others, tramped beside her wagon. One day her baby Erastus, two years old, was put to sleep in the wagon. In going down a hill the front wheel went into a deep chuck, and the



Henry Serena Evensen, Mother Syrenus
Annie G. Francis Serena G. Andrus

possible attention. The term was short, but she learned to read English well. Her understanding of the language improved, but her speech always remained broken.

In the early spring of '38, although expecting a new addition to her family, she went south in company with others of the Gardner clan to Spanish Fork. Living quarters must be provided for them. So Archibald set up a saw mill; lumber was turned out, and a house of weather boards built on the corner where Neil L. Gardner's home now stands. It was a long house with three rooms facing south. The room on the west was about sixteen by eighteen feet with a fire place in the west end and a smaller room at the back. The center room was large, about sixteen by twenty-two feet. The room on the east was about the size of the one on the west. All four rooms were lined with adobes to make them a bit more comfortable. Serena occupied the two rooms on the west. Here Henry was born May 15, 1838. Archibald was called the following year to be bishop of West Jordan Ward, and most of the family moved back to Salt Lake County.

Serena's twins, Syrenus and Serena, were born April 29, 1860. On this occasion she was attended by Aunt Venus, a Negress midwife in the family of John Redd, a convert from the South who had brought his slaves to Utah with him. During the summer of 1862 she moved to the home by the Jordan River in the "Big Hay Field". Here she lived for a few years. When her oldest daughter, Regina, married Archibald's oldest son, Neil, January 10, 1863, and moved to Spanish Fork to look after the family interests there, she longed to be near them. One day when some of her husband's freighters were going to Spanish Fork, she persuaded them to take her and family with them to the old home she had left. The rest of her life was spent in that vicinity. Regina and Neil had purchased the home on the east corner of the same block from John Angus for sixty bushels of wheat, and a well-trodden path connected the homes of mother and daughter. The strongest bonds of affection united them. Never a day passed but they spent part of it together. When land on the east bench was opened to entry, she took up a quarter section and Even, her son, another. Later, land on the "New Survey" was offered for sale, and Even bought up several plots. Erastus later bought Even's East Bench land, and Serena divided hers between Henry and Syrenus.

Even built a home on his property in what is now Leland, and he and his mother made their home there for the rest of their lives.

She learned to spin and weave in Norway, and in the early days of Utah she garnered in many a dollar from the products of her loom. Up at four in the morning, she labored hours before any one else was about. Then "early to bed" was her motto. She was never idle. When located on the farm at Leland, she made butter and raised chickens. Two or three days a week with her basket of eggs and butter she walked to town to market—two and a-half miles. She did this until after she was seventy-five years of age.

Her home was always opened to the emigrant. Many families have been sheltered there until they could establish a home of their own; many orphans and friendless ones found there a haven of peace.

Her religion was always most dear to her. The need for teaching the Gospel to the children was felt by her long before Primary associations were organized. In the early days in Spanish Fork when her children were small, she often gathered them together with the neighbors' kiddies around a fire which the youngsters built and tended and told them stories of the Bible and of the Church's history and sang to them in sweet tones the songs of Zion.

She was honest to a cent. She never used slang. She read and loved the Scriptures. When her eyes grew dim with age, whoever came to see her, read to her from the well-worn pages of her precious Bible, Book of Mormon or other Church works the words that were music to her soul.

She was meek and kindly in spirit but endowed with indomitable courage and faith in God that sustained her to the end of her long and colorful life.

She passed away January 11, 1911, at her home in Leland, aged eighty-eight years, four months, and twenty-four days.

"Let us think with pride of our pioneer dead
And follow the exemplary lives they led."

Annie Gardner Francis.

CHILDREN OF SERENA GAHRSEN

Henry: born May 15, 1858, at Spanish Fork; died September 21, 1936, at Spanish Fork; married Elizabeth Martell.

Syrenus: born April 29, 1860, at Spanish Fork; married Josephine Hanson.

Serena: born April 29, 1860, at Spanish Fork; married Alma Andrus.

Annie: born January 14, 1866, at Spanish Fork; married Joseph Francis.

SARAH JANE HAMILTON

and

CHILD



Sarah Jane Hamilton, Mother

James Hamilton

SARAH JANE HAMILTON

Sarah Jane Hamilton, daughter of James Lang and Mary Ann Campbell Hamilton, was born in Goodrich, near Toronto, Canada, June 11, 1842. She moved with her family to Nauvoo when five years of age, and when the Saints were expelled from the state, she traveled westward with them. They remained at Winter Quarters five years. She often told of meeting Indians, with whom her fellow travelers traded food for beads. She remembered people who were stricken and died of cholera while on their way to the Valley.

The Hamiltons arrived in Salt Lake City, October 6, 1852, and spent the first few days with the family of William Gardner.

Jane became proficient in scouring and washing wool, weaving it into cloth, and making homespun clothes, worn then by everyone. She collected, bleached, and braided straw for the making of hats. Arrayed in products of her own hands, she walked six miles to Salt Lake City to attend church. Jane was large of stature—six feet tall.

Oftimes she suffered for lack of food that others might have more, and at one time became so weak she was unable to arise from her bed. Her father appealed to William Gardner for some meal. It was made into cakes by her mother, and she pronounced them the best she ever tasted.

She married Archibald Gardner June 17th, 1857, in Brigham Young's office. James H. Gardner of Lehi is the only child of this union. She attended the celebration held at Silver Lake, now Brighton, in Big Cottonwood Canyon, July 24th, 1857. She vividly recalled the dancing, singing, and meetings of the Pioneers on that historic occasion which was rudely interrupted by the arrival of Elias A. Smith, Abraham O. Smoot, and Orin Porter Rockwell who brought the news to Brigham Young that Johnston's Army was on its way to Utah. She went south with the family to Spanish Fork at the time of the "move." She journeyed back to the house near the mill on the Big Cottonwood on the State Highway where James H. was born. Not long after this she and her husband separated.

She with her baby returned to her parents in Mill Creek and labored at spinning for different people in that locality, walking many miles to her work. She left her son James the while with

her mother. She finally obtained a position at the home of Bishop Reuben Miller of Mill Creek as cook and laundress. Here she became proficient in these lines of work under the direction of Mrs. Miller who was a trained woman in household arts. Brigham Young and his associates often visited this home. She met her future husband, Samuel L. Howard, while working here, and they were married April 1, 1865, in the Old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, by George Q. Cannon. Samuel L. Howard was a very splendid man, and to this union nine children were born.

Millcreek was their residence for ten years. In 1876, with their five children, they moved to Riverton, becoming early settlers in that region. In 1878 an epidemic of diphtheria scourged this locality, and two children passed away. Amid this sorrow she gave birth to a son. We cannot describe her grief in this trial. She was the mother of ten children.

All through her life she was a devoted and active church worker. She was president of the Relief Society for years, spending much time in caring for the sick, assisting the poor and many times was called to lay out the dead. It was not an unusual thing to see her filling her basket with food for some unfortunate family who had lost a mother or other loved one. Many still living recall her kind and soothing words to them, when, as children, deep sorrow weighed them down.

She received and distributed the mail for Riverton before a post office had been established in that town.

She possessed a strong active mind, alert to every question of the day. She read extensively on all current topics and could discuss any subject in an able manner. She was honest in her dealings, always giving over measure rather than under, and meeting her obligations the same way, keeping her word to the letter. She was thrifty and industrious, and a splendid cook.

She died at Riverton, Utah, March 16, 1924, at the age of eighty-one years.

CHILDREN OF SARAH JANE HAMILTON

James Hamilton: born July 27, 1859, at Big Cottonwood; married Rhoda T. Huffaker.

ELIZABETH ELINOR LEWIS RAGLIN

ELIZABETH DOWDING

and

CHILD OF HARRIET ARMITAGE

HARRIET ARMITAGE LARTER

Harriet Armitage Larter: born in England; died in 1866 at Moroni, Sanpete County; married June 17, 1857; divorced.

CHILDREN OF HARRIET ARMITAGE

Lovina: born April 1, 1853, at Spanish Fork; died June 29, 1934, at Salt Lake City; married Sidney Savage and Levi Naylor.

William Armitage: born April 6, 1860, at Spanish Fork; died September 15, 1862, at Spanish Fork.

ELIZABETH DOWDING

Elizabeth Dowding: born in England; died in August, 1921; married in April, 1867; divorced.

CHILDREN OF ELIZABETH DOWDING

William Henry: born January 29, 1869, at West Jordan; died August 11, 1873, at West Jordan.

ELIZABETH ELINOR LEWIS RAGLIN

Elizabeth Elinor Lewis Raglin: born December 4, 1832, at Buchanan, Missouri; divorced.



Elizabeth E. Raglin Lewis

Elizabeth Dowding
Lovina G., daughter of Harriet Armitage

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MARY LARSEN GARDNER

By Lillian Widdison

Mary Larsen Gardner was born in far-off Denmark on the small island of Mo'en in the quaint little town of Aske-Bye on June 15, 1850. Her mother was Karen Stine Olsen. Her father was Hans Larsen. He was a sea captain and owned a small sailing vessel, making his regular voyages to Iceland, Greenland, and all the countries that could be reached with such a small ship. He was a very successful sailor and became rather prosperous. Late in the fall when little Mary was only four years old he made a trip to England for coal. The weather was stormy and the north seas very rough, and so, after weeks of anxious waiting and watching, with the candle constantly burning in the window, the family he left behind lost hope for the ship that never returned, and no word was ever received, either of the ship or any of her ill-fated crew.

Some few years later Mormon Elders visited their home, and the mother Karen and her father were soon converted and baptized into the Church by Mos Jorgensen on May 3, 1857. In the early spring of 1859 the mother with her two small children, Mary and Andrew, and her aged father, decided to come to Utah. They disposed of all their nice things, almost giving them away, and secured passage on the old sailing ship "Tipscott". The voyage was a long and tedious one. The mast of the old ship caught fire and burned, causing them to float in mid-ocean for many weeks, but finally, after about three months, they landed in New York. They then journeyed westward. At Omaha several families were assigned to one wagon, and of course there was no room for anything else but food and bedding. Each morning the little old grandpa would tie a tin cup and a sack containing a few biscuits to his belt and take the two children, the one six and the other eight, by the hand and start out ahead of the company. When they became weary, they would sit down by the roadside, and if there should be a stream near, they would have a drink and eat their crusts. They landed in Pleasant Grove, Utah in the fall of 1859, foot-sore and weary but with thanksgiving in their hearts for having reached their destination.

Mary's early life was spent in Pleasant Grove, doing odd jobs, working and toiling—many times hungry and cold. She grew to womanhood, and when Archibald Gardner built his mill

there, it was she whom he chose to be his last—his eleventh wife. She cooked for mill hands along with the other women and girls and lived in many different homes, finally moving to West Jordan. Here Bruce, Clarence, Adelbert, Royal, and Edwin were born in the house on the hill by the mill adjoining the store managed by Ben Driggs. Lillian and Wilford were born in the adobe house known as Aunt Jane's house. She was ambitious and proud and kept her little house spotless. Her floors were scrubbed white, and her tin plates shone as they stood in a row on the shelf. She was an expert seamstress and used to make red flannel shirts and many tailored articles to be sold in the store.

When Wilford was about a year old, father decided it was about time mother should have a home of her own. Father owned a large tract of land on the bench which was divided among his wives and sons. Mother was given a forty-five-acre farm which father built a beautiful white brick house for her. Her soul was filled with joy and happiness. She was very proud of this first new home, and she spent much of her time helping her young sons with the farm work, for they had full charge and were far too young to know what was best to do. Bruce, the eldest, was then about eleven, Clarence, ten, Dell, eight, Ed, four. Little Royal had died with pneumonia when he was but six months old. Mother was a very able teacher and a grand companion to her children, so they got along fine although it was a hard deal for a mother with a family.

Frank was born in the new home, and we children were very happy over our little brother. This was at the time of the raid when men with more than one family were in constant danger of being taken by the deputy marshal and thrust into prison, and even small children were frightened when they saw a black-top buggy in the neighborhood, for we knew they were the only ones who were able to travel in such fine style. There were many times when we children were greatly troubled. The sad look on mother's face made us worry for fear father was in danger, while he, with his many families, his public duties, his Church work, the mills, the canals, etc., was seldom home, and we wondered if he had been taken. One time he saw the buggy coming, so he stepped down into the Bingham Ditch under the bridge, and an old turkey gobbler with his flock peeked down and gobbled just as the marshals arrived, but they passed over the bridge, and father went on about his many duties. Another time

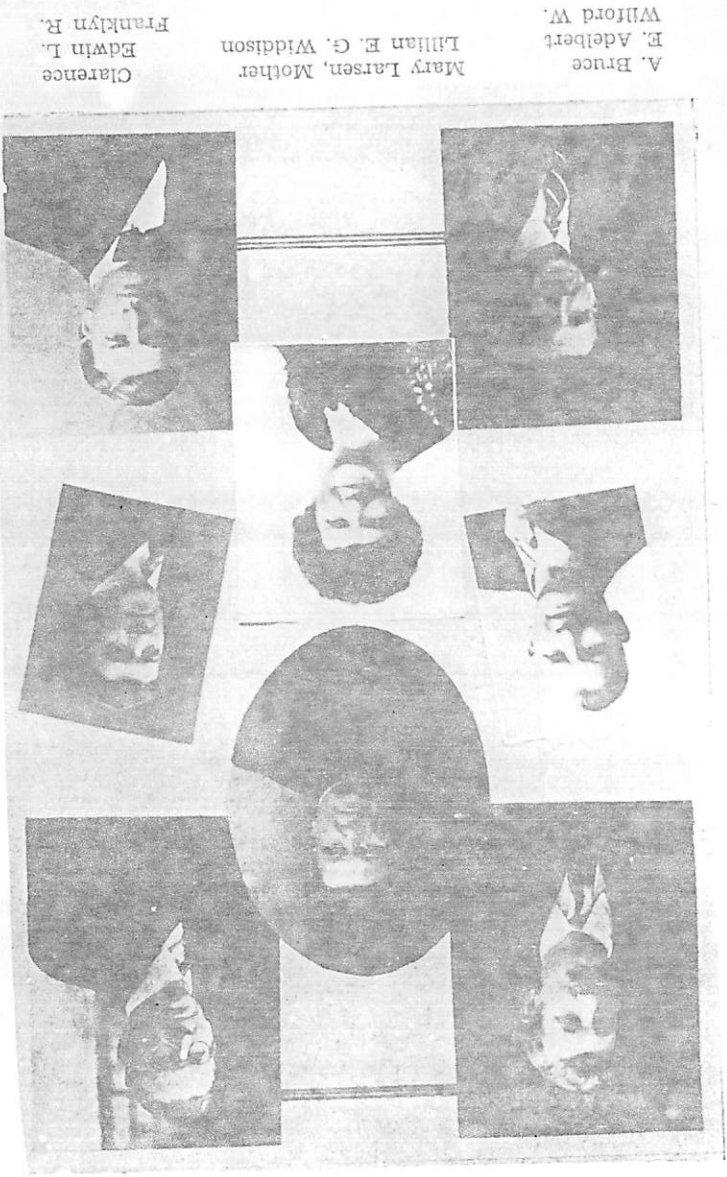
that I remember well was when a deputy by the name of Franks came to search the house. He ransacked every room downstairs, and then mother took him up stairs. In one corner of a bedroom stood a large square bedding box filled with quilts. It was to the box, lifted the lid and began removing the quilts. It was then that my mother grew angry, and I remember how she in her indignation said, "Mr. Franks, you will find him on a canal Gardner hiding in a bedding box; you will find him on a canal or digging a mill race or at some public gathering."

He replied, "I know that, Mrs. Gardner, but you know we must do our duty. We have known where Mr. Gardner was many times but we have gone on and left him doing good, unmolested."

To this mother expressed her gratitude. He was never taken to jail, but he and his families were made very uncomfortable many times.

About this time President Woodruff advised father to take his youngest family and move to Star Valley where people were looked upon with more tolerance. In the fall of 1890 mother was called upon to take her family and leave her home unfinished, and go out into a new, wild country. The journey was a long and tiresome one, and hard on my dear parents. They traveled in a one-seated buggy without a top. Frank was about two years old and sat on his mother's lap all the way, and as my father was large of stature, he had to have plenty of room to drive, so he kept his knees well apart, using two-thirds of the seat, which made it very hard on mother. He drove an old white mare named Zell, and in my memory I can still hear him cluck at her as he tried to urge her on. I was seated in the back with my feet hanging out, too young to realize what a hard journey it really was. Bruce, Clarence, Dell, Ed, and Willford rode in the wagon containing the household goods they brought with them.

Upon our arrival at Alton we found a log house with two rooms, one for mother and family and the other for Briggs and Della and family. We were real pioneers, and the few people who had already located there were very poor. Father was always known as a poor man's friend, and mother with a heart equally as large, found plenty of opportunity to relieve suffering and cheer the weary. Mother did much for the sick. She loved the young people, and our home was their gathering place.



A. Bruce
E. Adelbert
Willford W.

Mary Larsen, Mother
Lillian E. G. Widdison

Clarence
Edwin L.
Franklyn R.

She was very religious and a faithful Relief Society worker and officer. She was First Counselor of Harriet Cazier in the ward, and later was a First Counselor on the Stake Board for many years. She spent much time traveling by team over the two valleys of the Salt River, in all kinds of weather. Sacrament meetings always found her on the front seat, and she was known as an "Israelite without guile." She sent three sons on missions: Clarence to the Eastern States, Delo to Samoa, and Frank to South Africa. She took her younger children to Logan, Utah, to school for three years, traveling by wagon each spring and fall, and struggling hard to make a success of it. She cared for Frank's three motherless children for a year and a half.

She had suffered for years with a bad leg and was taken to the L. D. S. Hospital in Salt Lake City for treatment. Here she remained just one month when she contracted pneumonia and passed away on October 20, 1921, and was laid to rest in the family plot in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

CHILDREN OF MARY LARSEN

Andrew Bruce: born February 5, 1874, at West Jordan; married Elizabeth Baxter.

Clarence: born November 6, 1875, at West Jordan; married Alice Ann Burton.

Earnest Adelbert: born February 14, 1877, at West Jordan; married Kate Roberts.

Royal: born September 11, 1879, at West Jordan; died March 3, 1880, at West Jordan.

Edwin Leroy: born May 16, 1881, at West Jordan; married Dagmar E. Blanchard and Emily H. Denmead.

Lillian Elmore: born March 2, 1883, at West Jordan; married James G. Widdison.

Wilford Woodruff: born May 17, 1885, at West Jordan; married Annie G. Butler.

Franklyn Richard: born July 23, 1888, at West Jordan; married Leona Rich and Mary Luthi.

ADOPTED CHILDREN

Carrie Andrus: born September 17, 1872, at Mill Creek; father, Milo Andrus; mother, Emma; married Robert Gardner.

Fanny (an Indian girl): born March 14, 1848, at Weber; died July 31, 1879, at West Jordan.



CHILDREN OF ARCHIBALD GARDNER LIVING IN 1939

First Row—Syrenus, Edwin; Second Row—Ellen, Serena, Annie, Rachel; Third Row—Clarence, Frank, Delbert, Lillian, Rebekah, Bruce; Fourth Row—Robert, Ozro, James H., Wilford